LITTLE JOURNEYS IN LITERATURE

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Little Journeys in Literature

By

Helen M. Winslow

Illustrated

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TO

Edward P. Clement

WHO NOT ONLY HAS RENDERED THE CAUSE OF LETTERS LONG AND EFFICIENT SERVICE AS EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF OUR LITERARY NEWSPAPER, THE BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT; BUT TO WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT AND APPRECIATION, DURING MANY YEARS, THE AUTHOR OWES HER CLAIM TO BE A SMALL FRACTION OF "LITERARY BOSTON OF TO-DAY"

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CHAPTER I.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH AND THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THE rest of the world will tell you there is no literary Boston of to-day. Nothing delights the average New Yorker or Chicagoan more than to point to our past glories and cry, "Boston is no longer the Hub of the Universe." And yet, Mr. Roswell Field, loaned us for two years from the literary purlieus of Chicago, wrote back to the *Evening Post* of that city: "Merely as a matter of general statistics and possibly of general

interest, it may be set down that every family in Middlesex County, Massachusetts, boasts a rubber-tree and an author. In certain instances there are two or three rubber-trees and an author, and in others two or three authors and a rubber-tree, but the average holds good, and we are all very happy and contented;" — a statement that made him the recipient of a small forest of rubber-trees from sympathetic Bostonians, since the Field family had possessed two authors and none of the evergreen tree.

Again the attitude of the Chicagoan among us is expressed as follows: "Back in Cook County, where culture is believed to make thirty revolutions a minute, we were accustomed to think that the amalgamated poets and concatenated laureates were tolerably plentiful; but, bless you, their mobilised force would not make a

respectable escort for the men and women of Boston who have not only written books, but have had them published. However, we do not talk about these things in Boston; we accept them as the logical outcome of the strenuous intellectual life, and if, perchance, a forlorn and shipwrecked brother has not utilised the advantages environment has given him, he can look at our footprints and take heart again. The Boston author impresses me as much less self-assertive than his Western brother. This is probably due to the fact that there are so many more of him. By the same token the Boston terrier is not nearly so arrogant and presumptuous in the Back Bay as in Chicago. I suppose it takes some of the starch out of the author and the terrier to reflect that they are very numerous, and at the most must divide the attention of the family with the

rubber-tree and the never-failing picture of Phillips Brooks. So he, the author, — not the terrier, — is usually a charming gentleman, not wholly unconscious of his individual purpose, but ready to concede that there are others. The whole problem of authorial self-abnegation and renunciation of the crown is solved by the phrase 'there are others.'"

Those were, indeed, halcyon days in Boston literature when its exponents were such men as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John Greenleaf Whittier, and James T. Fields. That was a literary epoch the like of which has scarcely been known since the Elizabethan age. But these men, who established the reputation for Boston as a literary centre, have all passed on to unknown glories, and

the world says truly that Boston has none to fill their place. But, we ask, has any other city in America, or in the world, men, — a group of men, — like them? In what country will you find to-day a match for that delicate and genial humourist, Doctor Holmes? Where a philosopher like Emerson? What town can show us another Hawthorne, or Lowell, or Whittier? Then let not other cities sneer at Boston until they can hold up such citizens of their own, and say, "Behold, we are the people!"

No; that is an age past and gone; and we do not claim that Boston can produce it again to-day, nor perhaps ever; and yet we can show cause for our claim that literature is not yet a bygone art in conservative, Puritanic, beloved old Boston. We may not have our great men, our literary

geniuses of the past, but "there are others," and of them let us speak.

There is still Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who, although no longer editor of the *Atlantic,* is yet a resident of Boston and his beloved Ponkapog. From the day when his "Story of a Bad Boy" made its appearance, he has ranked among the leading men of letters. He was the personal friend of each of the galaxy that made Boston famous between 1850 and 1875. Whether it was in story or in verse, his writings were eagerly watched for, and unquestioningly accepted as the best in American literature. Mr. Aldrich is a charming man to meet. Contrary to the general impression, he is small, rather boyish in build, and beardless, except for a slight moustache, which is kept waxed with as tender care as any bestowed on the hirsute adornments of our "*jeunesse dorée.*" He

has lived for many years in a famous old house on Mt. Vernon Street, with his wife and his twin boys, and when the owner of the house died a few years ago, and left not only the establishment, but a fortune as well, to the Aldrich family, all Boston rejoiced in the good fortune of the "Poet of Ponkapog."

He was born November second, 1836, at Portsmouth, N. H., and, although he passed most of his boyhood in Louisiana, he returned to Portsmouth in 1850, and prepared for Harvard. Two years later his father died, and he went into a banking-house in New York. This position he occupied three years, and then left for an editorial position on the New York *Evening Mirror.* He was editor afterward of N. P. Willis's *Home Journal* and the *Illustrated News,* and in 1865 came to Boston to take charge of *Every Saturday,*

a popular periodical established by James T. Fields. In 1881 he became the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* succeeding Mr. William Dean Howells, a post which he kept until 1890, since when he has devoted himself entirely to literature, although he has published little during the past few years. We may, however, expect a book of reminiscences from his pen, which is sure to be a valuable and interesting contribution to literature. Among his books are "The Ballad of Babie Bell and Other Poems," "The Story of a Bad Boy," "Cloth of Gold," "Flower and Thorn," "Mercedes and Later Lyrics," "Marjorie Daw and Other People," "Prudence Palfry," "The Queen of Sheba," "The Stillwater Tragedy," "From Ponkapog to Pesth," "Wyndham Towers," "The Sister's Tragedy," "An Old Town by the Sea," "Two Bites at a Cherry and

Other Stories," "Judith and Holofernes," etc. Says a recent writer in "American Authors and Their Homes":

"From the very crest of Beacon Hill, where stands the almost painfully new marble of the straggling addition to the Bulfinch State-House, there slopes swiftly to the water's edge a street whose counterpart is not to be found in America. It is lined with the noblest houses of Boston, the most of them at least half a century old. They were built by the courtly gentlemen of that time, and many are still occupied by descendants of those merchant princes and statesmen who made Mt. Vernon Street a place of extraordinary vogue and exclusiveness; but the butterflies of fashion have now taken wing to other regions. On the right, as you descend, is a group of eight or ten tall, bow-fronted mansions set considerably back from the

sidewalk, each with its grass plot and ornate iron fence. This semi-retirement gives an indescribable air of dignity and richness, and strangers always gaze upon them with admiration.

"Mr. Aldrich's house, No. 59, is the second of this group. It is particularly noticeable by reason of its doorway of white marble framework and Grecian pillars set into the brick, a curious and striking arrangement. From the steps, one can see the blue waters of the Charles, that omnipresent river in and around Boston, and the long curve of Back Bay houses, whose rear view is that of the water. A son of George Bancroft, the historian, is Mr. Aldrich's next-door neighbour, and beyond him recently has lived ex-Governor Claflin. On the other side of the street, and not quite so far down, is the house of the Honourable Robert Treat Paine. It

will be seen, therefore, that the neighbourhood still has distinction, even if the blaze of fashion has been extinguished.

"The interior of this fine old mansion is entirely in keeping with its outside nobility. If one enters on such an errand as that which called the writer of this chronicle to it, he gets a moment's impression of a richly furnished drawing-room, where a fire of logs is burning in a cheerful blaze, and a gray African parrot is enjoying a place of honour, a large hall, a great circular stairway sweeping its broad spiral to the very top of the house, vistas of beautiful rooms at each landing, and, at last, on the fourth floor, the 'den' of the poet, the true abiding-place of an author at home.

"This room is large, but not too much so to be inviting and comfortable, and it has its fireplace, like all the others. From

its bow-windows a splendid panorama of the southwestern part of Boston, dominated by the campanile of the Providence Station, greets the eye. At night myriad lights give the view still greater beauty. From the roof of the house, the islands of the harbour can be seen, and even the sea beyond, for at this point one finds himself as high as the dome of the capitol.

"The noticeable feature of this snuggery is its antique furniture, — escritoires, chairs, and tables that would make a collector green with envy. Nothing here, with the exception of two immense modern, velvet-cushioned rockers and a large centre desk, is of later date than 1812. This furniture forms part of the valuable heritage its owner derived from his grandfather, who lived in Portsmouth, — the veritable grandfather of the hero of that delightful classic, 'The Story of a

Bad Boy,' which (and the reader may take 'Tom Bailey's' word for it) is autobiographic and true in its essential elements.

"The centre desk was once owned by Charles Sumner, and was used by him for many years. In various odd corners are half a hundred things picked up all over the world, such as Buddhist deities, Arabian gems, and a very valuable piece of Moorish tiling from the walls of Alhambra. There are book-shelves in plenty, of course, and a semi-literary collection of pipes on a curious table at one of the windows. Good pictures hang on the red-toned walls, although to the bookman the most interesting object of that sort is an old print of Doctor Johnson, framed with an autograph letter of that worthy."

To quote from Roswell Field once more: "I fancy that one of the pleasantest of

the surprises that await the pilgrim in Boston is the appearance in the flesh of the poets, novelists, and story-writers whom he has long associated with the silent tomb. It gives you a little shock at first, but you are soon used to it, and I should not be surprised at any time to see old Ben Franklin come out of a bookstore, or to meet Anne Bradstreet at a literary bargain counter. Those of us who are influenced by the sweet teachings of theosophy, meeting certain authors on the streets of Boston, would be tempted to exclaim: 'What incarnation is this?' We remember that far back in the shadowy days of our childhood we read their printed words and exulted in the ebullition of their fancy. The years have come and gone, the ancient elms have decayed and fallen, the friends of our youth have been 'tolled out' by the village church,

and our old authors have been mourned, if not forgotten. Now, to our amazement, down on Cornhill, or in the Old Corner Bookstore, or around the bargain street stalls prances the cheerful instructor of boyhood, a little disfigured, perhaps, by time, but good for half a dozen tomes at short notice."

Among these older writers are Colonel Higginson, Mrs. Howe, John T. Trowbridge, Edward Everett Hale, and Hezekiah Butterworth.

Colonel Higginson was born and nurtured in the literary atmosphere of Cambridge. "My earliest documentary evidence of existence on this planet," says he, in "Cheerful Yesterdays," "is a note to my father in Edward Everett's exquisite handwriting, inquiring after the health of the babe, and saying that Mrs. Everett was putting up some tamarinds

to accompany the note. The precise object of the tamarinds I have never clearly understood, but it is pleasant to think that I was, at the tender age of seven months, assisted toward maturity by this benefaction by so eminent a man. Professor Andrews, Norton and George Ticknor habitually gave their own writings; and I remember Doctor J. G. Palfrey bringing to the house a new book, Hawthorne's 'Twice-Told Tales,' and reading aloud 'A Rill from the Town Pump.' Once, and once only, Washington Irving came there, while visiting a nephew who had married my cousin. Margaret Fuller, a plain, precocious, overgrown girl, but already credited with unusual talents, used to visit my elder sister, and would sometimes sit at my mother's feet, gazing up at her with admiration. A younger sister of Professor Longfellow was a fre-

quent guest, and the young poet himself came in the dawning of yet undeveloped fame. My special playmate was Charles Parsons, and I often 'tumbled about in a library' — indeed, the very same library where the autocrat had himself performed the process he has recommended. Under these circumstances," adds Colonel Higginson, and I am sure we all agree with him, "it seems very natural that a child thus moulded should have drifted into a literary career."

Colonel Higginson has not always lived in Cambridge. He made a distinguished record in the Civil War, gaining the title of the "Fighting Parson." Before that, he was a clergyman, and preached in Newburyport, and presided over a parish in Worcester, but his mind is of too liberal frame to be satisfied with creed and dogma, and he left the ministry many

years ago, settling in Cambridge, where he owns a picturesque house on Buckingham Street, filled with books, and in neighbourly proximity to the best "University set" and the scenes where his happy boyhood was passed. In the summer, he takes his wife and daughter (with whom he lives an exceptionally harmonious life) up to the beautiful town of Dublin, N. H., where he owns another charming home. Mrs. Higginson (who was a niece of Professor Longfellow's first wife) writes occasionally some excellent verses, which are printed in the leading magazines and have been published in two volumes; and the young daughter, just blossoming into young womanhood, is proving her title to be the intellectual successor of such a father and mother.

Colonel Higginson's best literary work has been done in his later years, as he

has had more leisure for it. His earlier life was filled with the duties peculiar to the philanthropist and reformer, and in the stress of this work there was little time or opportunity for cultivating the quieter art of letters. The form in which his writings have been presented is a figurative one, but his memoirs of early days, and his rambles in art, literature, and native lore have been mellow with ripe scholarship and a matured mind. His natural force has hardly abated, but the reminiscent mood is obviously passing upon him, and the gentle afterglow wins us to gather round "old tales to hear."

"It is a long career, in our rapid times," writes one of Colonel Higginson, "this span of seventy-five years. The biographer of Margaret Fuller Ossoli is the discreet and sympathetic critic of Kipling and Stephen Crane. The dreamy pas-

torals of 'Oldport Days' alternate with the passionate advocacy of woman's rights. Minister, soldier, legislator, lecturer, author, historian, poet, philanthropist, it would be difficult to find in any great city of our great country a man whose leadership has been so potent for righteousness, for beauty, for truth, as that of Thomas Wentworth Higginson."

CHAPTER II.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE AND JULIA WARD HOWE AND HER FAMILY

ANOTHER survivor of the great literary epoch of the middle nineteenth century is the venerable and well-beloved Reverend Doctor Edward Everett Hale, who, although an octogenarian, is still mentally keen and active, with powers which give no sign of decadence, and with all the enthusiasm of youth. From his years and his wide, eclectic experiences, Doctor Hale may well be given the position of the dean of Boston's literary set. And this not alone from the

length of life which has been accorded him, and his varied and important achievements, but from the sincere and active interest which he takes in those who are making letters a profession, and his special kindness to beginners. There is no young literary worker, whose good fortune it has been to have Doctor Hale as counsellor and friend in the days when effort was new, and the path of endeavour almost untried, who does not owe a debt of gratitude to the man who never withheld merited encouragement, who was always ready with needed advice, and who softened criticism with kindly suggestion.

Time and the Hour, which, during its brilliant but all too short existence, was a component part of literary Boston, said of Doctor Hale:

"His is a comfortable, bookish, thoroughly New England home, with many

interesting family memorials and pictures, especially rich in the records of the life and work of the father whom he loved so reverently, and to whom he attributes so much of his power and resource. A peculiar genial hospitality — not of the ceremonious kind, but the heart hospitality of an elder brother — greets the guest at that household in old Roxbury, the name to which Doctor Hale has always clung, as indeed have most of the old residents, in spite of annexation, and the effort to make the locality known as 'Boston Highlands.'

"No host could convey so cordially the sense that a visitor had a right to the demand which is made upon that valuable time, so valuable that it would be hedged about by most men with the barriers of transmitted cards and the formalities of servant's messages. One feels that shaggy royalty is condescending to his need or

his desire, yet most unconscious of it, simple, loving, wistfully entreating almost. There is a childish heart under that fine presence which is so leonine, compelling, and impressive."

April third, 1822, was the birthday of Edward Everett Hale, Boston boy, Latin School boy, Harvard graduate of 1839. He was no prodigy, but was warmly sandwiched between six brothers and sisters; having the middle place, he was protected from those external influences which may affect the oldest or the youngest, — protected, yet set in keen competition with a bright family, and having to keep his end up or go under.

In his class he kept a similar middle place, ninth among fifteen, and, though he mastered his paradigms at six, and put "Robinson Crusoe" into Latin at nine, he was a healthy boy among boys, leaning

on others, and drawing from others, as he always has done, — the child in the middle reaching out on both sides, having no liking for extremes, mingling the hot Hale blood and the calm Everett strain in a tide which has flowed full and strong, but never boisterous, through its brimming banks.

Doctor Hale served in the ministry in Washington for a year or two, choosing that profession because it offered so much of active moral and philanthropic opportunity; then he was stationed in Worcester for ten years, where he is still gratefully and affectionately remembered in many ways, but particularly as the founder of its public library. It is almost half a century since he was installed pastor of the South Congregational Church of Boston, and he is still pastor emeritus, although the parochial duties are performed

by his successor in active work, and as the recognised incumbent, the Reverend Doctor Edward Cummings.

But he has not belonged exclusively to the South Congregational Society. He has always stoutly maintained that to give one's self fully to any particular work, to make the gift really great, one must enlarge one's self by the widest service which intensifies the man and makes him able to present a worthy offering. So he has had a planetary influence through his institution of "Ten Times One is Ten," of Wadsworth Clubs and Lend a Hand Clubs all over the world, in every sort of philanthropic work, economic, social, and industrial.

Developing a broad humanity through environment, heredity, and training, and animated by the spurring spirit of an intense moral enthusiasm, it was natural

that Doctor Hale should be a patriot, and that he should write "A Man Without a Country." He has won international reputation for breadth of view, simplicity of doctrine, and for rare qualities as an organiser and a preacher. Underlying and permeating his varied labours has glowed an intense patriotism which completes his merited distinction as a great American. Tested by any standard by which we are accustomed to measure men, Doctor Hale commands our respect and admiration. In his private life, personal character, and public services, he exemplifies the very highest type of manhood.

His literary work has been stupendous, reaching to fifty volumes, and ten times fifty volumes in uncollected articles, studies, and sermons. He has caught the popular fancy, as few purely literary men have done, with "My Double, and How

He Undid Me" and "The Man Without a Country," but these are only unconsidered trifles in the bibliography of the prolific author who is delighting everybody with the reminiscences of his rich acquaintance with men and things, the expression of a ripe mind, full without prolixity, liberal without garrulity, and instructive without pedantry.

Previous to settling down to ministerial work, he served his father as secretary, and also an apprenticeship in his newspaper office, — the old Boston *Advertiser,* — from the work of typesetting to editing. It was a question for a time which profession he would choose, and he ultimately took the ministry. The journalistic instinct has been always strong within him, but he has had to keep it in check, or he would have been compelled to give up everything else for it.

Before everything else Doctor Hale is a Bostonian of Bostonians, of full value locally, a circumstance which makes him not alone the minister, the philanthropist, the author, but the good citizen. And it was as the citizen, beloved and revered, that Boston honoured him on the third of April, 1902, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday.

If Doctor Hale is the dean of literary Boston, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is the recognised leader and acknowledged sovereign. She reigns over her kingdom with an undisputed sway, and her subjects are all loyal and loving, giving willing homage to their uncrowned queen.

And yet Boston cannot wholly claim her, any more than it can others of its famous ones. As one has said in writing of the group of immortals of whom Mrs. Howe is one: "In reckoning with the

famous people of Boston, it is striking to note that so many of them are not merely of local importance, but are recognised as leaders by the whole country. And there are few cities in the United States where, if the question were asked in a group of its most intelligent women, who was their representative champion, the reply would not be — Julia Ward Howe."

Although Mrs. Howe has reached the ripe age of eighty-three, there is none of the suggestion of the decay which years are supposed to bring. With her, youth is perennial, and it is no wonder that, living under the gracious influence of this rich life, her daughter so caught the spirit of it that she remarked, on the occasion of her mother's seventieth birthday, that she was "seventy years young." It was a happy phrase, and it has clung to her ever since, and when any one speaks of Mrs.

Howe's age, they always count the years by youth and not by age.

And so while Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is now eighty-three years "young," she is by no means out of the activities of life, but it still a power and an inspiration, and is an earnest, zealous worker in the great movements of the day. Whether she is holding meetings at her house in the interest of universal peace, or writing books, she is the same busy, active woman of years ago.

Everybody knows something about Mrs. Howe in a general way, for her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" has made her name a household word in America. Thousands have seen her on the platform, and heard her speak on some of the subjects connected with philanthropy or reform, with which she is so closely identified. As many more have seen her oc-

cupying that position familiarly known as "the chair"; but only the comparatively favoured few know her as she is in private life. Only those who know her well are familiar with that delightful spirit of delicate, sparkling humour, and the flashes of pure, kindly, genuine wit, which characterise her intercourse with friends. There is nothing more delightful than to listen to a tilt of words between Mrs. Howe and her old friend, Colonel Higginson, a treat that is now and then vouchsafed to their associates of the Authors' Club, of which Mrs. Howe is president and Colonel Higginson first vice-president.

The members of the famous New England Woman's Club know, too, an altogether different side of her from that which the general public know. In her capacity as president of that club, she

feels as perfectly at home as in her own parlour; and those who are to be trusted say that in no other place does her womanliness, her ready tact, her brilliant wit, and her versatility of talent shine forth so conspicuously. In her Boston home, Mrs. Howe has welcomed the most noted men and women of the day, both of this and of foreign countries, and her receptions have always been the meeting-place of the choicest spirits, literary, musical, artistic, and scientific.

Outside, her house on Beacon Street, numbered 241, presents a plain, unostentatious front, like all its neighbours; but once ushered into the little reception-room at the left of the front door, the visitor realises that he is in the home of rare culture and refinement, the residence of one who has travelled much, and who has brought something of value and interest

from all parts of the world. The atmosphere of plain, almost severe intellectuality, the fine etchings, rare curios, antique busts and artistic statuettes, the replicas of famous marbles, all testify to this. And if he is fortunate enough to be bidden to the drawing-room up-stairs, or, better yet, to the "den" or music-room back of it, his first impression is deepened. In this room, besides all the treasures gathered in a lifetime of travel, is a fine bust of Doctor Howe, and Porter's superb painting of Mrs. Howe's youngest daughter, Maud Howe, at eighteen.

But the charm of this house is the mistress, and when, presently, the visitor is greeted by the small but self-poised, white-haired woman, who advances with cordial hospitality to meet him, he, like all the rest of those who are privileged to meet her in this intimate, unconventional fash-

ion, succumbs to the rare personal charm of this world-famous woman; so that he goes away with one vital impression, that of a serenely gracious personality endowed with a mellow, musical voice, and a rare charm of manner, an impression which crystallises into a cherished memory.

Julia Ward, daughter of Samuel and Julia Rusk (Cutler) Ward, was born on May twenty-seventh, 1819, at her parents' house in the Bowling Green, New York City, a place which carries one back in mind to the old Knickerbocker days, and the rule of gruff old Peter Stuyvesant. Later her father built an elegant and spacious house at the corner of Broadway and Bond Street, a long way up-town at that time, and there her youth was passed. This delightful home was frequented by the best people in the metropolis, and

there were three beautiful girls in the family to make its hospitality irresistible.

In April, 1843, when she was twenty-four years of age, she was married to Doctor Samuel Gridley Howe, whom she had met during frequent visits to Boston, where she was warmly welcomed into the literary and artistic circle, of which Doctor Howe was a member. With him she shortly visited Europe. Doctor Howe was at that time the head of the famous Massachusetts School for the Blind at South Boston, and his success in teaching Laura Bridgman had made his name well known all over the world, so that, when the young couple arrived in London, they found the doors of the best houses open to them. On the Continent it was the same, for there his fame as a worker among the unfortunate ones of the world was supplemented

by his efforts for Greece and the liberties of its people.

They passed the winter on the Continent, mostly in Rome, where, the next spring, their first child, Julia Romana, was born. This child was baptised by Theodore Parker, who was the warm friend of both Doctor and Mrs. Howe, and she grew up to be a sympathiser with her father in his work for the blind, and, in time, she became a teacher at the institution. Later she became a student of philosophy, and was the founder of the Metaphysical Club, of which she was the president, and whose meetings ceased at her death, in March, 1884. She was the author of a volume of poems entitled "Stray Chords," and of a sketch of the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord, Mass., entitled "Quæstor Philosophiæ." She was married, on the thirtieth of De-

cember, 1870, to Michael Anagnos, formerly of Greece, who succeeded Doctor Howe as superintendent of the Perkins School for the Blind. When she died, there was universal mourning all through Boston, where she was especially beloved. She was a rarely beautiful woman, with a face from which a pure soul seemed ever shining.

On the return of the Howes to America, they made a home at South Boston, and there the other four of their children were born. But, later, when the eldest of the children were old enough to enter society, they removed to Boston, living for some years at 17 Boylston Place, when that little no-thoroughfare was noted for the famous and brilliant coterie which was found within its pocket-like limits. From there they removed to Mount Vernon Street, when the character

of the place began to change, but since the death of Doctor Howe, Mrs. Howe has made her winter home at her present residence in Beacon Street, of which the equity was given her by her brother, the late Samuel Ward, of New York. She spends her summers at "Oak Grove," near Newport, where far from the bustle and fuss of the ultra fashionable crowd she lives a genuine country life, and rules with a firm hand, as gentle, however, as it is firm, the unique "Town and Country Club," which is as delightful a mixture of swells and idealists as was ever gotten together, and which could only be assimilated by Mrs. Howe.

Mrs. Howe's literary work has been constant, and she is still busy with her pen. She has published four volumes of poems, a life of Margaret Fuller, two or three volumes of essays, two of travel,

"From the Oak to the Olive" and "A Trip to Cuba," a play, "Leonora," and, latest of all, her delightful "Reminiscences." Her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is the most widely known of all that she has written, and is one of the few American classics. Those persons who have been so fortunate as to hear her recite it in her clear, exquisitely modulated voice, and with her absorbed, earnest, almost inspired air, always feel that they have gained an insight into its patriotic and religious sentiments not vouchsafed to the readers of it.

Mrs. Howe was one of the founders of the New England Women's Club in 1868, and has been its president ever since its first ruler, Mrs. Caroline Severance, left Massachusetts for California, early in the seventies. No one else will hold the office so long as Mrs. Howe lives. She was

one of the first officers for the Association for the Advancement of Women, and has been for a long time its president. She is the honorary president of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs, and was its first active president. She is also president of the Boston Authors' Club. Her continuous good health she attributes, in part, to her habits of study, and daily, yet never excessive, brain labour.

She has visited Europe six times, California and the Pacific coast twice, and made several journeys to the West Indies, and even now she thinks nothing of starting off West or South on a lecture engagement, making less fuss over it than many a younger woman would do.

Taken as a whole, Mrs. Howe's family is a remarkable one. Her four daughters have all proven literary workers of more than average ability, while her only son

is a distinguished scientist, and also a clever writer on special lines upon which he is an acknowledged authority.

Mention has already been made of her oldest daughter, Mrs. Anagnos. Her second daughter was Florence Marion Howe, now Mrs. Hall, known in literature and club work as Florence Howe Hall. She is the author of "Social Customs" and "The Correct Thing," and she is a prominent speaker before women's clubs. She was married November fifteenth, 1871, to David Prescott Hall, a man noted for his public spirit, and a member of the New York Bar.

Mrs. Howe's only son was born in 1848, and is named Henry Marion. He graduated from Harvard University in 1869, and from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1871. He then studied abroad, and lived in Europe, South Amer-

ica, and in various mining districts in North America before settling down in New York, where he holds a professorship in the School of Mines of Columbia University. In his profession of mining engineer and expert, he has won high honours, and has an international reputation. His book on "The Metallurgy of Iron and Steel" is an exhaustive work, which has received the highest praise from the scientific world, and is accepted as authoritative.

There are few families where there are children in which "Captain January" has not been read and loved, but not every one knows that the author, Laura E. Richards, is the third daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Mrs. Richards has written some of the most delightful nonsense verses for children that have ever seen light on a printed page, and it is no won-

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The youngest, by some years, of Mrs. Howe's daughters is Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, who inherits, to a marked degree, her mother's wit, graciousness of manner, and social gifts, as well as much of her genius of expression. She was, in her girlhood, regarded as a beauty and a belle, and she is a rarely beautiful woman, more than fulfilling the promise of her girlhood. Society did not satisfy her, any more than it had satisfied her mother, and she soon turned her attention to more serious pursuits. After studying art for some time, she adopted literature as a career. Her published works are "A Newport

Aquarelle," "Asiania in the South," "San Rosario Ranch," "Psyllina," and "Mammon." She has for several seasons given parlour readings with marked success, talking chiefly upon art and literature. She was married in February, 1857, to Mr. John Elliot, an Englishman and an artist. Their home is in London although they spend much time in Boston with Mrs. Howe.

And so Mrs. Howe is not only the famous woman of letters, the accomplished speaker, the leader among women, but she is also the happy, proud mother of a group of children who put to naught the old saying that the children of famous parents never amount to much in themselves, and besides these children, she has a number of promising young grandchildren, who are sure in time to do honour to their illustrious ancestress.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS, SARAH ORNE JEWETT, AND ALICE BROWN

ONE of the houses that often sheltered that rare group of men who made literary Boston famous during the early part of the last half of the century just passed is still the resort of the favoured few, and it is to-day considered a mark of high esteem, and an honour, to be asked to the home of Mrs. James T. Fields.

"When the social quarter of Boston was squeezed and pressed upon by the growth of business," said *Time and the*

Hour," so that Summer Street and Franklin Street, West and Bedford, Winter and Tremont Streets were no longer tolerable for dwelling-places, it was a problem where it should find a new development. At this time, the water-front on the Charles offered itself as a pleasant place for a fresh start, and fine rows of stately mansions were soon built, with a quiet street for a frontage and the river in the rear. Doctor Holmes occupied one of them, and not far away Mr. James T. Fields, his friend and publisher, set up his household gods.

"The old settlers, or their children, have almost all migrated to the newer Back Bay now, the district with accommodations for stepping westward to the sunset, and Charles Street has become a thoroughfare for the most heavy, creaking, rattling traffic of the town, while a

"From the Oak to the Olive" and "A Trip to Cuba," a play, "Leonora," and, latest of all, her delightful "Reminiscences." Her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is the most widely known of all that she has written, and is one of the few American classics. Those persons who have been so fortunate as to hear her recite it in her clear, exquisitely modulated voice, and with her absorbed, earnest, almost inspired air, always feel that they have gained an insight into its patriotic and religious sentiments not vouchsafed to the readers of it.

Mrs. Howe was one of the founders of the New England Women's Club in 1868, and has been its president ever since its first ruler, Mrs. Caroline Severance, left Massachusetts for California, early in the seventies. No one else will hold the office so long as Mrs. Howe lives. She was

one of the first officers for the Association for the Advancement of Women, and has been for a long time its president. She is the honorary president of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs, and was its first active president. She is also president of the Boston Authors' Club. Her continuous good health she attributes, in part, to her habits of study, and daily, yet never excessive, brain labour.

She has visited Europe six times, California and the Pacific coast twice, and made several journeys to the West Indies, and even now she thinks nothing of starting off West or South on a lecture engagement, making less fuss over it than many a younger woman would do.

Taken as a whole, Mrs. Howe's family is a remarkable one. Her four daughters have all proven literary workers of more than average ability, while her only son

is a distinguished scientist, and also a clever writer on special lines upon which he is an acknowledged authority.

Mention has already been made of her oldest daughter, Mrs. Anagnos. Her second daughter was Florence Marion Howe, now Mrs. Hall, known in literature and club work as Florence Howe Hall. She is the author of "Social Customs" and "The Correct Thing," and she is a prominent speaker before women's clubs. She was married November fifteenth, 1871, to David Prescott Hall, a man noted for his public spirit, and a member of the New York Bar.

Mrs. Howe's only son was born in 1848, and is named Henry Marion. He graduated from Harvard University in 1869, and from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1871. He then studied abroad, and lived in Europe, South Amer-

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part of the water view has been cut off by stealing a further strip of land from the river, and interposing Brimmer Street. Not so at 148 Charles Street, however. The uproar and the jangle rage before this house front as well as before all the others in the street, but, when one is admitted into Mrs. James T. Fields's home, and passing up the stairs, is seated in the drawing-room, with its westward windows, he looks over a calm expanse of water beyond a quiet garden, which might be the neighbour of an outlying rural wilderness. In later spring, perhaps after the evening meal, the company may ramble through its walks and shrubberies, or seek the benches along the water's edge, and quite forget that only a few rods separate them from the sordid sounds and sights of a busy town. Boccaccio's garden scarcely echoed to more wit and wisdom

than has that pretty plot of ground, pressed by the feet of Dickens, Thackeray, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Hawthorne, Emerson, and all the immortals of the last generation."

In the midst of treasures of every kind, pictures, autographs, mementoes of famous singers and writers, speakers and actors of the time; in the midst of memories far more varied and infinitely richer, lives the votaress of this sacred shrine, and ministers to the favoured few who are its intimates with delicate grace.

One of the red-letter days of the author's own life was marked by a simple luncheon at 148 Charles Street, when the only other guest was Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, and they were served by Mrs. Fields with the rare grace of an old-time gentlewoman. She is as quiet in dress as she is in manner and speech, and with

smoothly banded hair half concealing her ears, in the fashion which our grandmothers followed half a century ago, she dispenses tea and hospitality, seasoned with conversation that has a flavour unexcelled. Gentle, quiet, and reserved as are the motions of her daily life, there is no power in Boston to-day like that of Mrs. Fields; for influence is still not altogether a matter of shouting, or of fonts of type, but goes out with a power to leaven all things, which will not be understood until, from the other side of the warp and woof, the pattern woven into the life fabric is seen.

Mrs. Fields was the wife of James T. Fields, the famous Boston publisher, who was the medium of communication and even of introduction between the galaxy of literary stars in Boston between 1850 and 1880, and who established and pub-

lished *The Atlantic Monthly.* She is still continuing her literary work, which has always been of a high order, though not at all prolific. She has written "A Shelf of Old Books," "How to Help the Poor," "Memoirs of James T. Fields," "Whittier: Notes of His Life and Friendship," "Authors and Friends," "Under the Olive," "The Sighing Shepherd and Other Poems."

But it is in the world of philanthropic work that she finds her highest pleasure. At the council-table in "Ward Seven's" office in the Chardon Street Charity Building of Boston Mrs. Fields has sat since the organisation of the Associated Charities, and has borne a large part in the general directorship, besides, from the beginning. If, as has been said, Mr. Robert Treat Paine is the head, so is Mrs. Fields the heart of the great movement, for, in-

deed, it has a heart, and a warm one. Do the critics, who fancy there is no personal quality left in the statistical development of the Associated Charities, know of the personal family work that is done that never finds a place in formal reports? How surprised those persons who fancy there is only a tabulating engine in Chardon Street would be to know what numbers of personal exigencies by day and by night call for assistance, sympathy, and advice, which is never denied. And all through the long summer, Mrs. Fields takes the long journey to the heated town almost daily from her Manchester-by-the-Sea cottage, in order that she may be always ready for the needs of her poor friends.

It is a delightful part of this task to recognise that so much of the best work

in the world is unheralded and unnoted, and yet that the workers will grow "famous" while shunning publicity, and following the path of duty with unconscious steps and a singleheartedness of purpose.

One cannot think of Mrs. Fields without remembering her most intimate friend, Sarah Orne Jewett, whose winters are, for the most part, passed in the Charles Street home. Sometimes in the spring the two go off together in search of a spot not favoured with so many kinds of climate as Mark Twain ascribed to New England during one twenty-four hours. And in the summer Miss Jewett is found for some portion of the time at Mrs. Fields's home at Manchester-by-the-Sea. Boston may surely be pardoned for counting Miss Jewett as belonging to her, since her winter residence is in the classic

Fields home in Charles Street, while her big dog gives his dumb but sympathetic companionship to the two gentlewomen.

Miss Jewett is a woman of the most charming personality. She has a bright, piquant face that lights up wonderfully as she talks, making her positively beautiful, and a low, pleasant voice that gives the listener the sense of being quiet at night, and listening to the rustle of aspen leaves, soothing and restful. Her black hair shows just the faintest tinge of gray, but the colour in the cheeks and the sparkle of the eye tell the tale of youth.

Her friendship with the Fields began when she was a young girl, and is a vital part of her life's history. During her girlhood she met Mr. and Mrs. Fields at a friend's house, where they were visiting, and then began the intimacy which has grown into such a rare and close

friendship. As the years went on, and the demand for Miss Jewett's work increased, she found so much visiting and writing incompatible. And so when the invitations came which made her stay with the Fields less like visiting, and more like being at home, she very gladly accepted the arrangement. Indeed, she would have been most unappreciative had she not; for to be the favoured guest of a woman like Mrs. Fields is a privilege that can be accorded but to few.

Miss Jewett's working hours are in the afternoon, and when she has anything in hand she writes from one until about five. She says that she thinks best in the waning of the day, and finds work easier. She writes on an average between three and four thousand words daily, although she has sometimes gone as high as eight and even nine thousand words in one day.

She usually thinks out her stories quite carefully before beginning to write, so that when it comes to transcribing them she can do it easily and without much rewriting, although, of course, some of her stories she works at quite laboriously.

"There are," she says, "stories that you write, and stories that write themselves in spite of you. And I find that these are the ones that do not need much working over."

Fond as she is of her pleasant relations in the Charles Street home, she loves her country life with a true devotion that only a genuine nature worshipper can appreciate. Says she:

"I never feel prouder, or have more the sense of owning and being owned, than when some old resident of Berwick meets me, and says, 'You're one of the doctor's girls, ain't ye?' It makes me feel as

though that were really my place in the world."

Miss Jewett was born in a fine old colonial mansion that was built in 1740. It is situated in the village of Berwick, Maine, not far from Portsmouth, N. H., and is still her home. Her father, "The Country Doctor," died some years since, and her mother followed him a few years later. She and one sister continue to occupy the homestead during most of the year, while a married sister lives close by. Sarah Orne Jewett always lived an out-of-door life, riding, driving, and rowing. When her father was living she went about with him a great deal, and that was the way in which, without realising what the experience was to prove to her, she got her marvellous insight into the lives of the country people of a quarter of a century ago. Before Miss Jewett's day,

no writer could exactly picture the phases of country life which she depicts without making a burlesque of the attempt. It has taken Miss Jewett to show the world that the country dialect and country ways hide some of the noblest hearts.

"When I was, perhaps, fifteen," said Miss Jewett, "the first city boarders began to make their appearance near Berwick; and they so misunderstood the country people, and made such game of their peculiarities, that I was fired with indignation. I determined to teach the world that country people were not the awkward, ignorant set that those persons seemed to think. I wanted the world to know their grand, simple lives; and so far as I had a mission, when I first began to write, I think that was it. But now, when every village has its city visitors in the summer, and the relations between

the city and country are so much closer than they used to be, there is no need of my 'mission.'"

Miss Jewett's paternal ancestors were Tories — "mistaken but honest," she says. Her grandfather was an old sea-captain, and, as she quaintly puts it, "seemed to me a citizen of the whole geography." Her mother was a Gilman of Exeter, notable people in the neighbourhood, and with an honourable record in the Revolution. The town of Berwick had plenty of sea-captains when she was a little girl, and, in seeing them, and hearing them discuss with her grandfather the world in general, she laid up material for many of her delightful character sketches.

Her first story for the *Atlantic* was accepted before she was twenty. She had no literary friends at court, and it was her own inimitable work which won for

her the success which has been so marked. She was a delicate child, and could never endure the confinement of the schoolroom, so her education was, for the most part, obtained at home under the wise direction of her father. Miss Jewett says that she has missed a certain logical directness that comes only with training at good schools; but she would not have lost the outdoor life and the close association with her father for anything. Probably her success as a writer was due to her father's advice, constantly repeated, and which she has closely followed, — "Don't try to write *about* people and things; tell of them as they are."

A recent reviewer in the Boston *Transcript* says of her New England idyls: "Who can forget her marsh meadows, her sand-dunes, her pine-grown seashore? Her people are mostly thriving, unper-

plexed, cheerful New England people. Somehow the New England type has come to be as novel and conventional as is the figment of 'Uncle Sam,' which has long ceased to have any significance whatever. Nobody ever saw these dreary lunatics, who are said to drag out hard and narrow lives, set to a perpetual minor key, as typical of New England villages. Miss Jewett shows us youth and love and happiness under the pale blue skies of New England, with quaint peculiarities — having the one touch of nature. After all, though we may laugh over sharp wit and droll situations and pitiable, grotesque scrapes of all kinds, the sensation which is left on our minds is not happy. Miss Jewett is profoundly and uniformly cheerful, and makes the reader so. Is not the world, for most of us, too full of inharmonies to permit the mind to be burdened with more

of them, with no compensating advantages? Let the artists answer each other with the ghastly products of art for art's sake. But let us be jolly, with Miss Jewett's pleasant companions, while we may."

Of course, the contrasts referred to are the stories of Miss Wilkins, whose characters are so decidedly opposite to Miss Jewett's always lovable, sensible, and altogether natural ones. Miss Wilkins may be depended on to give us interesting people, but are they not exceptional types, odd, queer, unknown characters, the like of whom we seldom see? For the average New Englander of the country is cheerful and hopeful, an optimist ever.

Since, however, Miss Wilkins has now become Mrs. Freeman, and gone to live in New Jersey, Boston can no longer strain a point and claim her, even for purposes of comparison with Miss Jewett.

By the way, it is worthy of note that Miss Jewett takes a sentence from Faulkner, placed up as a motto over her book: "Go pick up the little girl, in the little parlour, in the white house on Denver . . . that's where it is begun to a minute—that's done, in little rivers."

Another writer along the same lines as Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins is Miss Alice Brown, the daughter of Lorenzo Thomas Brown, who for many years was one of the editors of the Portland Transcript. Miss Brown's stories are mostly occupied with New Hampshire life, and her "Meadow-Grass" was like a breath of White Mountain air in the city smelters of country origin. It is said of her that she does not write enough, and that the public by majority want the sum published and will for more. Perhaps she is wise in her moderation. For a few years past

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By the way, it is worthy of note that Miss Jewett keeps a sentence from Flaubert pinned up as a motto over her desk: "Ce n'est pas de faire rire, ni de faire pleurer, ni de vous metter en fureur . . . mais d'agir à la façon de la nature — c'est à dire, de faire rêver."

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severe critic, and will not publish a story until she is satisfied with it herself. She is always sane and healthy, and, as she is yet of the age described by interviewers as "still young," we may expect many good things from her in future. Miss Brown lives on Pinckney Street, in a very quiet way, and only semi-occasionally does one meet her at social and public functions.

She was fortunate in a childhood spent amid the rural beauty of the little New Hampshire town of Hampton Falls. Here she went daily to district school, with rapturous interludes of merry outdoor life; and says a recent writer: "Those who hold like memories in their heart of hearts may open 'Meadow-Grass' at 'Number Five,' that a waft from Balm of Gilead leaves may return to them, and they may drink once more of fresh un-

speakable delight in the small and simple joys of a country child."

Later she studied, and was graduated at the seminary in the neighbouring town of Exeter, taking the long walk to and from home lightly, as forerunner of the glorious English tramps of later days. Like many another New England girl, she first turned to school-teaching as the most natural occupation; but the call toward literary activities would have its way, and she has never wavered in her devotion to the beautiful profession.

Miss Brown loves the old streets of Boston as well as Madame de Staël did Paris, but there lingers always in her work the still spiciness of the woodland ways, the sympathy with soft-footed, bright-eyed, furry things. Especially is this present in the little book of poems called "The

Road to Castaly." Witness "Pan," and the dewy-fresh "Morning in Camp."

The famous Meadow-Grass stories are probably the best known of Miss Brown's books. "Tiverton Tales" are stories of the same region, humourous, spirited, readable. "King's End" is a delightful story of New Hampshire village life. "By Oak and Thorn" is a pleasant record of leisurely gipsyish pilgrimages through rural England in company with her friend Louise Imogen Guiney. She has also written a life of Mercy Otis Warren, and a short novel called "The Day of His Youth." Her latest novel, "Margaret Warrener," is a story of Bohemian Boston, and a marked departure from the lines laid down by her previous work.

CHAPTER IV.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, HELEN CHOATE PRINCE, AND EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

THERE must of necessity be a centre, a focus, a point of radiation for every special group, whether of workers in civic affairs, in philanthropy, in art, science, or literature; and for many years the centre of literary Boston has been located in the drawing-room in Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's house in Rutland Square.

Rutland Square is in Boston's unfashionable South End, and is one of the quiet, shaded places, with the typical Bos-

ton swell-front houses, ivy-clad, of which Matthew Arnold said: "Why should Fashion be permitted to wield such an insolent influence against the beautiful spaces with their lovely residences and air of repose and refinement? If these squares were in London, they would be the dwelling-places of the best people, those who would seek them for their beauty, and not be left to the tender mercies of the lodging-house keepers."

Possibly the fact that she passes so much time in London, and in England generally, has brought Mrs. Moulton to the standpoint of the famous Englishman, so that she rises superior to Fashion and her dictates. At any event, she has remained steadfast in her loyalty to the home which she has occupied since the time when the South End was the fashionable quarter, before the Back Bay had

been reclaimed from water and marsh. Possibly, too, she still lingers there without giving much thought to the matter, because everybody comes to her, so that, as a friend once said: "She, in a manner, creates her own geography, and is more important in herself and her own power of attraction than any mere accident of residence could make her. In brief, a pole of such attraction exists in Mrs. Moulton's parlours that it must be very near the true magnet."

Be that as it may, she has seen street after street built up in the section which Fashion now claims for her own, and friend after friend has taken the way westward, while she still remains at No. 28 Rutland Square, a house which is world-famous. Thither all the best of the town, — those who have achieved anything worth while in letters, in art, in

science, those who are young in achievement, but full of high courage and worthy ambitions, together with the literary or artistic "stranger within the gates," turn their steps every Friday afternoon of the winter. For she keeps open house then, and the only invitation needed is the cordial "Come and see me any Friday afternoon; I'm always at home," spoken in a most convincing tone, and with an air of sincerity which plainly says: "I ask you because I really want you."

And when the invitation is accepted, she greets the visitor with gracious welcoming and a calm, serene, beaming benignity. But the chief charm, the irresistible attraction about her, is the strong personal interest which she shows to every guest.

Not every one is asked to come; there are no indiscriminate invitations, and,

with all the cordial hospitality, there are also reserves. But to those who are of the elect, the hostess has always some special, personal token of consideration.

In London, where Mrs. Moulton spends every summer, she receives as she does at home, and shares in the more sober gaieties of the few weeks of the fullest life on earth, to which everything interesting gravitates as by natural law. She is quite as fully appreciated over there as in her own Boston, and from a literary standpoint, even more highly rated — if that be possible — than she is in her native land. The English magazines are always eagerly in competition with those of America for her exquisite poems and her graceful and kindly, but just and compelling, criticisms. Her weekly receptions in Grosvenor Square call together all the great literary world of London, the famous

Americans who are by chance in the city, and many members of England's nobility as well. It is said of her that she has maintained on both sides of the water the nearest approach to the literary salon that is now in existence.

Although Boston claims her as a resident, and has done so for many years, she is from Connecticut by birth. Among the hills of Eastern Connecticut, in the lovely little town of Pomfret, was one day born, in a pleasant farmhouse, a sweet girl baby, with wonderful blue eyes and golden hair. There was no other baby there; she had no rival, and she reigned supreme over the home. By and by the baby grew into a girl, dreamy, enthusiastic, and ambitious. She knew that there was a future before her somewhere outside the country home, and she determined to find it. While still a schoolgirl, she was busy with her

pen, writing little scraps of prose and bits of verse, which found their way into the columns of a little Connecticut paper, published in a town near Pomfret, of which Edmund C. Stedman, then a very young man, giving promise of what he has since attained, was the editor. He took a lively interest in this blue-eyed girl's welfare, and encouraged her to continue her literary work, and advised her concerning her future. The friendship thus begun between the young editor and his schoolgirl contributor has always continued, and no one has been more pleased with her success and the position which she has attained than this early friend and adviser.

Even as a schoolgirl of thirteen, she wrote so delightfully that, on one occasion, her master asked her if the idea, as well as the verse, was really all her own, and

on her replying, "I can't tell from where I got it. I never knew there was anything like it in the world. Surely it came from my own mind." his face brightened, as he replied: "Then I sincerely congratulate you."

At fourteen her first poem was accepted and printed, and she recalls her sensations in first seeing something of her own in print: "I remember how secretly, and almost as if it were a crime, I sent it in; and when I found the paper one evening, upon calling at the post-office on my way home from school, and saw my lines, — my very own lines, — it seemed to me a much more wonderful and glorious event than has anything since that time."

The name by which the public first knew her was not Louise Chandler Moulton, but Ellen Louise Chandler, although the name under which her poems and

stories appeared was simply "Ellen Louise." Possessed of a wonderful imagination and a delicate yet vivid power of description, before long she began weaving her fancies into romances that were published in many of the popular magazines and weekly story papers. People read those stories, and wondered who "Ellen Louise" was, but it was not until her first book was published that the world was told.

This book, a volume of short stories gathered together by the young writer at the suggestion of friends, was called "This, That, and the Other," and was heralded by her publishers with a loud blast of trumpets. "See what a girl of eighteen can do," was the heading of all their advertisements, and so many persons wanted to see that eighteen thousand copies were speedily disposed of. The

popular verdict was favourable. To be sure there were extravagances, and a lack of finish due to the youth of the writer, but it was written with all a girl's exuberance and fancy, and was a success, perhaps not so much for what it was, as for what it promised.

Soon after its appearance, she was married to Mr. William U. Moulton, the editor and publisher of a Boston paper to which she was a frequent contributor, and after her marriage Boston became her home. She did not lay her pen by, however, but continued steadily at work, improving constantly in her work. She was a careful writer, and a thorough worker; she was annoyed at any seeming awkwardness of expression, and did not rest until she had made it smooth and finished in every particular. With all this pains

backing up her ability, it is no wonder that she was recognised as one of the leading poets of the country.

But she was the critic as well as the poet and story-writer. For several years she was the literary correspondent from Boston for the New York *Tribune,* and her dictum of a book settled its fate. Her opinion was widely quoted, and it was considered final. She was the kindliest of critics, for when she could not praise, she was so gentle in her dispraise that it did not hurt, although it might grieve the unlucky writer. At the time she was sending her brilliant letters to the *Tribune,* Boston was furnishing her ample material. The "Atlantic group" were all living and active, the famous Radical Club was flourishing, the Lyceum was in the height of its glory, making a centre for all the men and women who made the lecture

platform one of the most brilliant places in existence. Anna Dickinson was in the full floodtide of her wonderful career. Mrs. Livermore, just from her work in the Sanitary Commission, was talking about the war. Wendell Phillips, Gough, Henry Ward Beecher, Charles Sumner, were all before the public as speakers, and Boston was headquarters for all of them. And nearly all found their way to the pleasant drawing-room in Rutland Square. Later, Mrs. Moulton transferred her work of criticism to the Boston *Herald,* in which paper her article was for a long time a marked feature. For a few years past she has devoted herself almost entirely to poetry, and has had several volumes published.

But there is another side to Mrs. Moulton from that which she gives to the public. She is a loyal and devoted friend,

and one of the kindest and most helpful women in all the world of letters. Free from everything which savours in the least of jealousy, she is most hospitable in her welcome to young people who are entering with timid, untried steps the field of literary endeavour.

Some years ago a young woman came to Boston to enter upon a life of literary activity. She brought a letter of introduction to Mrs. Moulton from a relative of the latter, and presented it with a good deal of timidity. Her reception was most cordial. Not only did the distinguished woman accord her a warm personal welcome, but she arranged that she should meet others who would be of service to her. She examined her work, and gave her the suggestions and advice which proved of the greatest possible service to the ambitious young country girl. Un-

doubtedly all this has passed from the mind of Mrs. Moulton, but the woman has never forgotten, and regards her with a feeling of affection and reverence that she accords to no other.

This is only one instance out of many. She has met discouragement with cheer, has averted threatened failure, by showing the way which pointed to success. Her purse has been open to those who needed, and her heart has never been closed to the call for sympathy. She has given her service and her substance to all sorts of charity. And so the world not only admires her as the graceful story-teller, the keen but kindly critic, the genuine poet, but loves her as the woman, and regards it an honour as well as a pleasure to be bidden to her home, where in her dainty drawing-room she is surrounded with the souvenirs of travel, and the autographed

photographs of the distinguished persons who are proud to call her friend.

We have, too, a granddaughter of a famous ancestor in whom Boston takes pride, although she sends us her books from over the sea, — Mrs. Helen Choate Prince. Rufus Choate, who contained within his intense being fire and fancy enough to transmit to a hundred generations, had a fine romantic vein, and in the third generation, the Boston maiden, who grew up like the other girls of her circle, and passed on to marriage, and to reside in France, as any of them might have done, bore in her brain an inheritance which was to be developed amidst great conditions, and strengthened and enlivened by stimulating surroundings to delight a large number of readers.

Mrs. Prince's novels have not been merely sketches of character and incident,

smart dialogue, epigrams, the play of secondary or tertiary motives, elaborate efforts to analyse insignificant things. She writes with an old-fashioned *motif*, but not a moral, which is a different thing. Mrs. Prince brings the American and French types, which she understands so well, into interesting contrast. As somebody has said: "It is not the Cook's tourist and the Parisian cockney whom she sets over against one another. Mrs. Prince's Americans are only Europeans of the same class, vivified and ardent." Mrs. Prince was born in Dorchester in 1857, and educated at private schools in Boston. For the past ten years she has lived in France, with occasional visits to America, extending over several months. Her most famous books have been "A Trans-Atlantic Chatelaine," "The Story

of Christine Rochefort," and "At the Sign of the Silver Crescent."

Although Miss Edna Dean Proctor lives in South Framingham, when she is not travelling abroad, she belongs to the Boston Authors' Club, and is considered a part of literary Boston. Miss Proctor's poems, of which she has published several volumes, have placed her in the very front rank of American poets. Personally she is a charming woman of great beauty and a winning friendliness of manner. It is an honour to know Miss Proctor, and especially so to be counted her friend.

CHAPTER V.

MARGARET DELAND, ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD, HERBERT D. WARD, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

ANOTHER name of which the Boston of to-day is very proud is that of Margaret Deland. She is a native of Pennsylvania, but came to Boston as a bride in 1880, and has done all her literary work here. So many romantic stories have been told of the way she came to take up literary work that it may be well to give the tale as the author herself tells it.

Just previous to a Christmas in the early eighties, Mrs. Deland went shopping

one morning, and during her expedition purchased a unique trifle to send to a distant friend, carrying it with her from the shop to the market, for she has always "looked well to the ways of her household," and is a notable housekeeper as well as writer. On the horse-car she fell a-thinking of this friend and of the gift she proposed sending, and thus musing, thought out a little verse — to her own astonishment, as she had never attempted to write a rhyme before. Lest she forget it, she scribbled the verse on the bundle she was carrying. On her way to her house, she stopped for a few minutes' chat with her friend, Miss Lucy Derby (now Mrs. Fuller), whose eye happened to fall on the scribbled words on the parcel.

"What is this?" asked Miss Derby. Mrs. Deland, in some confusion, confessed to having perpetrated her first

poem, whereupon Miss Derby insisted upon reading the verse, and immediately became enthusiastic over this evidence of talent in her friend. She spoke so encouragingly that she fired the young writer with a new purpose, and Mrs. Deland went home to try her hand at verse-making. When she showed her more serious attempts, a few days later, to Miss Derby, the latter felt justified in her extravagant praise, and, borrowing the poems, carried them home and surreptitiously submitted them to several publishers. When, after a few weeks, a check came for fifteen dollars from a prominent New York publisher, Mrs. Deland could scarcely credit her senses, and she would not cash the check for some time, her pride in it was so great. So there you have the whole romantic story in a nutshell. An appreciative publisher, a budding genius,

a generous press — and success. Her book of poems, "An Old Garden and Other Verses," sold very rapidly, and encouraged the young author to set about the serious business of novel-writing. How well she succeeded in this everybody knows, for "John Ward, Preacher," was the result. Whether the sales of this book would have been so great if "Robert Elsmere" had not just made its appearance and aroused a storm of criticism and controversy all over the world, is an open question; but it is sure that Mrs. Deland's book was distinguished by a thoughtful and earnest spirit and the skilful treatment of religious subjects that was rather new at the time. The criticism sometimes made that the book was an echo of Mrs. Ward's was unworthy of notice for two reasons: one, that the book was published almost at the same time as the English

novel, and another that Mrs. Deland had been two years in writing it, never dreaming that, on the other side of the Atlantic, another woman was struggling with the same great question of freedom of religious thought. "Old Chester Tales" has been one of the most widely read of her later books. Mrs. Deland takes an active interest in current affairs, especially such as concern Boston and Massachusetts. Although of good Presbyterian stock, she is an Episcopalian, and a constant attendant at one of the prominent Back Bay churches.

Personally she is a charming woman to meet. Of attractive personality and good taste in dress, she is a direct contradiction of the old idea that a literary woman must necessarily be a frump, and in her two houses one sees evidence on every hand of exquisite taste. Her winter

residence is an old-fashioned, spacious house on Mt. Vernon Street, numbered 76, a street replete with historical interest and literary association. General Washington himself named the street after his own home in Virginia, and every foot of its surroundings is connected with some incident of colonial days.

Mrs. Deland's house combines the old and the new in a way that is possible only to the cultivated modern who has the power of putting the historical into the proper perspective. At the front, a long window extends the whole width of the house, except for the entrance, and here in the winter are grown many pots of jonquils that eager buyers are glad to take away from the sale she holds in February for a pet charity. The writer of "An Old Garden" is essentially a flower lover, and this passion of Mrs. Deland is on evi-

dence on all sides. In the front vestibule, one is confronted by a gate, or Dutch door, on which is the veritable knocker that was once on the library door at Wendell Phillips's, and was grasped by him when he fled from the mob. This Dutch door opens directly into a large reception-room that reminds the caller of a garden, so bright and cheery is it, and so bedecked with flowers. Hospitality, comfort, and noble simplicity of taste are the qualities that are impressed on the mind of the caller, which are emphasised by the great open fireplace and its smouldering wood fire. The furniture is massive and colonial, and, as you go up a winding staircase, you notice dainty little nooks filled with books. At the back of the house, on the second floor, is Mrs. Deland's workroom. Here is another wide window with its blooming pots of hyacinths and jonquils.

Amidst her flowers and in a flood of sunshine she writes, and their sunny spirit is reflected, even in the serious life of "John Ward." Indeed, Mrs. Deland's friends now claim that her writing is done with a jon-quill. Perhaps it is this bright, cheerful atmosphere, reflected in her own mind, that gives her that horror of religious fanaticism for which she is noted.

Down at picturesque old Kennebunkport, Mrs. Deland's flower-embowered cottage is pointed out to the visitor as one of the features of that summer place. It is an ideal retreat, surrounded by a blaze of colour, for the same riotous love of flowers is shown here, massed in effective colours and picturesque arrangement. She attends to all her own gardening, and may often be seen in the early dawn among her posy-beds. Her husband is Mr. Lorin F. Deland, and they lead a singu-

larly harmonious and happy life together. Doubtless the story that Mrs. Deland started her literary career by writing advertisements for a well-known furniture house came from the fact of Mr. Deland's connection with the advertising agency of which he is the famous head.

Mrs. Deland's books, in addition to those mentioned, have been "Philip and His Wife," "Sydney: The Story of a Child," "Florida Days," "The Wisdom of Fools," and "Mr. Tommy Dove and Other Stories."

Says one writer in *Time and the Hour:* "Full of light, through the long, high range of panes, which has superseded the common pair of parlour windows, is the great, square room occupying the whole front house-space. And perhaps a glow of flame from logs in the ample fireplace, which fills almost one side of it, mingles

with the sun's illumination. Low bookcases, a table strewn with books, one or two choice pictures, a long, embrasured settle, a few low chairs, and an open staircase rising to the next floor on the side opposite the fireplace complete the detail of this apartment, — hall and parlour and reception-room, — the heart of the home. It is clear, free, daintily yet delicately furnished, like the mind of the hostess, who greets you there; hospitable like it, too, in frank and easy access to every genuine approach. But it is flower-like to shrink from unsympathetic touch, and those who know Mrs. Deland have heard her say, 'I hate a fool' (or a sham) as emphatically as 'Mr. F's aunt.' Positive and vigorous is she in feeling and expression, as even all her readers must know.

"Mrs. Deland is purposeful in her art

as in her life. 'John Ward' and 'Philip and His Wife' are no mere stories, such as some popular novelists turn out by the gross, having acquired the fatal mechanical facility of the craft. In lighter vein, the authoress might, had she chosen, have taken up the mantle dropped by Mrs. Gaskell so untimely, but she has elected to use her great gifts of observation and expression to enforce burning themes, and to throw herself into the thrilling tide of modern thought. Before Mrs. Deland came to Boston, she had given some years to personal work, even under her own roof, to reform the lives of sinful girls. She has sounded the depths of what is, humanly speaking, hopeless human depravity, and looks upon evil without sentimentality, as involving a penalty as inevitable in the moral as in the physical sphere. Poet and novelist, yet her truth-

ful temper cannot palter with the inevitable, and she recognises that real charity has its scientific principles and economic laws.

"Bishop Brooks was one of Mrs. Deland's closest friends, yet it is said that her own convictions led her to shape those writings which were submitted to him during his life for his advice, quite independently of his criticism, where it did not coincide with her own strong convictions. And it is easy to recognise, in a manner which is perfectly considerate, even teachable, the underlying calmness of very positive assurance. I should say, for counsel, for direction, for inspiration, no woman could lean, in any kind of trouble, upon a surer rock than Margaret Deland. Yet the authoress of 'The Old Garden,' if not sentimental, has a fund of deep sentiment. Perhaps she will tell

you, as you sit before the deep fireplace, adorned on the mantel with several portraits of Bishop Brooks, that the great bed of ashes contains all those which had gathered on the hearth of her former home. 'They were so much of a part of the association with him and the other dear friends who had watched the embers glow and crumble, as they sat about the house-place, that one could not bear to have them cast out, so they were brought to the new domestic altar here.'

"Early in the summer 'life and thought no longer dwell' in the Mt. Vernon Street house, and the cottage at Kennebunkport wakes up and becomes animate. As the pressure of city engagements becomes greater, a greater proportion of the authoress's literary work is done in this retirement. For, though there is the usual hotel life there, the peace and simplicity

of the cottagers' habits have not been sacrificed to it, and they have perfect leisure to gather up dropped stitches, or merely to rest and renew exhausted nerves, as seems best to them. That even an ordinary interruption of daily life need not hamper her, Mrs. Deland has a sort of 'studio' in a neighbouring building, and disappears for considerable periods to pursue a lonely struggle with her successful weapon against the foes whom she scatters with such vigour, determination, and effect. It is easy to feel that some of her inspiration consists in the happy union of a sound mind with a sound body, tingling with the shock of the Atlantic waves, or thrilling with the ferruginous breath of its strong breezes. Mrs. Deland's boat has been a prize-winner in some of the annual river carnivals which are the event of Kennebunkport's fête-day, and she usu-

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ally has her guest-chambers full,—but one would look for her in vain at the hotels or at the casino."

Then, too, there is Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. Nobody will deny her right to be numbered with the foremost writers in America, and since she came to Newton and settled, from whence she frequently comes forth to appear at occasional society affairs, Boston claims her as belonging to its literary set. She is both a voluminous and inspiring writer, and has been well called one of the most daring, for is she not caught frequently writing of things beyond the veil that separates us from eternity? She claims that we are living in the suburbs of the Heavenly City, and she has brightened the life of many a weary traveller in this mundane sphere. Not only with her famous "Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates,"

and "The Gates Between" has she dared to venture into what had heretofore been considered sacred ground, but in the field of speculative essay, she treats freely subjects that were once supposed forbidden even to the angels. Whether it is a wise thing for the modern mind that is inclined toward the morbid or the unfathomable, we will not attempt to settle here. Mrs. Ward belongs to the famous Phelps family, which has so long been connected with the old-fashioned theology, and it is probable that this accounts for her bold and aspiring temperament.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was born in Boston August thirty-first, 1844. When she was four years old her father was appointed professor at the Andover Theological Seminary, and the pleasant hill town was her residence until her marriage in 1888. Her first literary essay was a

magazine article, called "A Sacrifice Consumed," and she was only twenty-four when her great success was attained in "Gates Ajar." Of this book many more than one hundred thousand copies have been sold. It has been translated into German, Danish, and Italian. Her literary career has been exceedingly busy, and her marriage to Mr. Herbert D. Ward, in 1888, opened a new chapter in it. In collaboration with her husband she wrote "The Master of the Magicians," "Come Forth," and "The Lost Hero," religious novels, in which the outlines of the Scriptural story are clothed and coloured. Her own work can be divided into various groups. Mrs. Ward has done a good deal for juvenile literature, and has done it well. There are the "Trotty" books, and the "Gypsy" books, and "The Boys of Brimstone Court," which are

favourites with the most thoughtful class of youngsters. Another sphere in which she has tried her wings is the poetical. "Poetic Studies" and "Songs of the Silent World" are specimens of this side of her wide mind. She has made some novels, pure and simple, — "The Story of Avis" and "Doctor Zay," — purposeful, of course, but reasonably progressive bits of genuine narrative. Again, we have a group of realistic tales, like "The Madonna of the Tubs," "The Supply at St. Agatha's," "Jack the Fisherman," and "A Singular Life," to which we might add the extravaganza, illustrated by "The Old Maid's Paradise," "The Burglar in Paradise," and so on. Finally there are the stories of the Promised Land, "Gates Ajar," "The Gates Between," and "Beyond the Gates."

Her "Story of Jesus Christ" is one of

the most tender biographies of the Christ ever written. Her beautiful, pathetic tale called "Loveliness" is without doubt the best argument against vivisection ever put forth, and none who have read it can feel that its author is wasting a bit of time and strength in the war she is waging against the practice of vivisection.

Mr. Herbert Dickinson Ward, her husband, was born in Waltham, Massachusetts, and is a graduate of Amherst College. He was the son of Doctor William Hayes Ward, editor of the New York *Independent*. Mr. Ward was "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise," and married Elizabeth Stuart Phelps at the little cottage at East Gloucester, which is associated in the minds of so many delighted readers of the "Old Maid's Paradise." Mr. Ward has written several books alone, besides collaborating with his wife in

three, and is doing a vast amount of literary work for the best magazines and periodicals. He belongs to the University Club, and is treasurer of the Boston Authors' Club; he has been for several years State Commissioner of Prisons, and is a popular member of many organisations. He is a diligent worker, and possessed of a ready wit, which gives zest to all he says as well as to what he writes. His latest work was a brilliant novel, which was published anonymously, and it has proved that a thoroughly good book may become popular without a well-known name on its title-page.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward have a charming home in Newton Centre, where they live surrounded by their books, and half buried in work during the winter months, flitting back to their "Paradise" at East Gloucester with the first hint of summer.

But in summing up our famous literary women, let us not forget that rarest, most delicate soul which has given out so much that is strong and true and aspiring, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford; for, although it is true that her real home is at Newburyport, Mrs. Spofford has ever been identified with literary Boston, and passes some part of every winter here. She is a lifelong intimate friend of Mrs. Moulton, and may on rare occasions be found at a Friday afternoon reception at 28 Rutland Square, although, shy creature that she is, it is almost impossible to induce her to attend any function of a social nature. Her poetic soul, however, cannot resist the charm of good music, and Mrs. Spofford's delicate head and high-bred, spiritualised face is often seen at the best concerts and at the opera.

Mrs. Spofford was born in Calais,

Maine, but removed to Newburyport, Massachusetts, at an early age, where she married Richard S. Spofford, a prominent Boston lawyer, in 1865. Their home on Deer Isle, in the Merrimac River, between Newburyport and Amesbury, was an ideal one, and here Mrs. Spofford's friends are still glad to seek her out, for she still clings to the beautiful spot, although Mr. Spofford was called to the "Blessed Isles" several years ago. The electric car, with its jangling discord, now clangs across the old chain bridge that connects Deer Isle to the two old towns, and pilgrims to Whittier's old home, as well as those on more prosaic errands bent, may catch a glimpse of the stately old mansion, with its shaded grounds on one side, and the picturesque field opposite with its groups of noble trees, its summer-house, and its boat-house, as they

go clanging by. But only the favoured few are privileged to know Mrs. Spofford in her own home, where she seems half like some woodland sprite and half the shy invalid, poet, and novelist. Her heart beats warm for humanity, however, and loves her friends devotedly when once she recognises the sincerity of their affection for her. Mr. Spofford was a thorough scholar and lover of books, and the fine old house has a rare library within its well-kept walls. As Mrs. Spofford has always lived in the atmosphere of books, it is not strange that she should have chosen the vocation of letters. More than a dozen books of fiction have her name on the title-page, and several volumes of verse attest her right to the much abused word, poet. The same elusive charm that pervades her personality shines through her writings, and, although Mrs. Spofford is

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CHAPTER VI.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE AND HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

"MARTIN MERRIVALE" is the name of a book which has been read, probably, by but few of the present generation, although a small special edition, printed a few years since, introduced it to a select circle of readers, who were specially interested in it because they had heard it whispered that within its pages were recited the early literary experiences of one of Boston's famous writers, John T. Trowbridge, who first gave them to the public

under the pen-name of Paul Creyton, in 1854.

Whether or not this supposition of the story being, in part at least, autobiographical, is true, it is still an interesting one to read, for the insight which the book gives into the editorial offices of the time. Those who were familiar with them — and there are some still remaining who were — say that nowhere else is so accurate a portrayal of their peculiarities given as in these pages.

If all the vicissitudes of fortune which "Martin Merrivale" met were really encountered by John Townsend Trowbridge, one thing is certain, and that is that he conquered them all, and now rests in the serene afternoon of life in his rarely pleasant home in the town of Arlington, one of Boston's charming suburbs just beyond Cambridge.

He lives in Pleasant Street, which is most fittingly named, a wide avenue running from the main street across into the neighbouring town of Belmont. This street is a veritable parkway, with arching elms overhanging it, and broad stretches of green turf separating the sidewalk and roadway. His house is set well back from the street, is of wood, painted a deep red, and, with its graceful outlines and cosy piazzas, makes a most effective picture under the big trees which half surround and wholly frame it.

It is up-stairs in this attractive house that the visitor finds the author's study, the room where Mr. Trowbridge does his work. It is a cheerful apartment, not too large, with two windows facing the west, and one looking to the south. His desk faces the southern window, and the view therefrom is so attractive that it is a great

temptation to the occupant to keep his eyes constantly fixed upon it. And so, when he is very busy, and the work is insistent, he pulls down the blind to shut out all its beauty, for only so can he accomplish his task.

This southerly outlook is over the near gardens to Spy Pond, while from his western windows he looks past the big apple-tree and the tall fir-tree which stand close to the house, across the well-kept, trimly clipped lawn, with its flowering shrubs here and there, and its vine-covered trellises, to the broad street and lovely estates opposite.

It was on account of its proximity to the pond that Mr. Trowbridge chose his home. When he was a boy, he lived on the banks of the Erie canal, and he is never content to be out of sight of the water. In the summer he goes with his

family to their cottage near Cape Arundel, at Kennebunkport. But glad as they are to escape the heated term inland, they are never sorry to return to the Arlington home, at which they arrive usually while autumn is in its fullest glory.

Mr. Trowbridge is in all his characteristics a typical New Englander, but he is, nevertheless, a native of New York State, and did not come to Boston until about a month before he was twenty-one. But he is of good New England stock, his father, Windsor Stone Trowbridge, having been born in Framingham, Massachusetts, although brought up in New York State, and settled in the town of Ogden, eight miles beyond the city of Rochester, where the famous author was born, the eighth child of the family, on the eighteenth of September, 1827. As a boy, Mr. Trowbridge lived the usual country life, going

to school for six months a year until he was fourteen, working on the farm in summer, and learning more out of school than in, through his studious habits and his love of reading. He taught himself French, and also attempted Latin and German without a teacher. Much of his time he spent in writing, and his first published bit was a school poem, "The Tomb of Napoleon."

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But in summing up our famous literary women, let us not forget that rarest, most delicate soul which has given out so much that is strong and true and aspiring, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford; for, although it is true that her real home is at Newburyport, Mrs. Spofford has ever been identified with literary Boston, and passes some part of every winter here. She is a lifelong intimate friend of Mrs. Moulton, and may on rare occasions be found at a Friday afternoon reception at 28 Rutland Square, although, shy creature that she is, it is almost impossible to induce her to attend any function of a social nature. Her poetic soul, however, cannot resist the charm of good music, and Mrs. Spofford's delicate head and high-bred, spiritualised face is often seen at the best concerts and at the opera.

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When a strong, clear note of human kindliness and sympathy marks the work of a writer, one secret of his success is made apparent. And when there is combined with this trait great fertility of invention and a keen insight into human nature, another secret of his success becomes manifest.

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ever been a gospel of hopefulness and helpfulness, and many of his books have exerted a wide influence for good. Ever ready and glad to recognise merit in young writers, he has been a source of help and inspiration to many young and untried men and women entering the world of literature, and needing for their development just such sympathy and encouragement as Mr. Butterworth has given them. He has caused a fresh spirit to rise in many a depressed and discouraged writer, and he has been quick to respond to any appeal for advice and sympathy. Entirely unselfish and a stranger to envy, Mr. Butterworth has watched with keen delight the rise of many of our most prominent writers, and some of them have been glad to testify to the fact that they owe their success largely to the encouragement Mr. Butterworth gave them at a time when

they needed encouragement most, and when others withheld it from them.

Mr. Butterworth's ready sympathy with and for young writers struggling against many obstacles, is largely due to the fact that he knows from personal experience what it is to overcome obstacles, and what it is to stand in need of a friend to offer a word of cheer and encouragement. Born of poor parents in the little town of Warren, Rhode Island, in the year 1839, Mr. Butterworth has known what it is to struggle against adverse fates. With only a common school education, without money, friends, or influence, he left his country home and came to Boston, the Mecca of all young aspirants for literary honour and glory. Like so many other young writers, he found a sale for his first work in the office of the *Youth's Companion.* The owner of that paper was a man of

acute perceptions, and he was quick to discover traces of genius in the work of the inexperienced youth from Rhode Island, and so it came to pass that in the year 1870 Mr. Butterworth became associated with the *Youth's Companion*, and for twenty-five years he was one of the editors of that paper. It is not giving Mr. Butterworth any undue meed of praise to say that the wonderful success of the *Youth's Companion* has been in part due to his work during those twenty-five years. No man ever gave more faithful and conscientious work to a paper, and the result of that work has been something of which any man might well be proud.

In addition to his editorial duties Mr. Butterworth wrote many books and many stories for the best known magazines during the quarter of a century he was with the *Youth's Companion*. It was during

these years that he brought out that immensely popular series of books under the title of "Zigzag Journeys." These books have had an aggregate sale of more than a half million of copies, and the demand for them continues. Indeed, Mr. Butterworth might still be writing them with profit, but he has wanted to give his time to other kinds of book writing. His "Story of the Hymns," published in 1878, won for him the George Wood gold medal, and his "Under the Palms," and other musical compositions have met with great favour.

Resigning his position in the office of the *Youth's Companion* in 1895, Mr. Butterworth spent a number of months abroad, this being his second or third trip across the water. He has visited all parts of Europe, and has travelled in South America and in Cuba. He has gone over the

Andes, and has during the present year taken a trip to Porto Rico. The result of his journeying has been a number of books of travel, and he has published a "History of South America," and one or two histories for young readers. He has written no less than twelve volumes for the D. Appleton Company, among them being the "Boyhood of Lincoln," "The Wampum Belt," "The Log Schoolhouse on the Columbia," "The Knight of Liberty," "The Patriot Schoolmaster," and other stories, in which the heroes of our American history have played a part.

Mr. Butterworth has published two volumes of poems, and his short stories would make a great many volumes if they were published in book form. His stories have appeared in the *Century*, the *Atlantic*, *Harper's Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, the *Outlook*, and, indeed, in nearly every maga-

zine of any prominence in the country. He has been one of the most industrious of our American writers, and has brought out nearly fifty volumes of various kinds, while the demand for his work steadily increases.

Ever seeking an opportunity to be helpful to others, Mr. Butterworth has for years been identified with different organisations having for their object the uplifting of humanity. He has for nearly a quarter of a century been a member of one of the greatest institutional churches in America, the Ruggles Street Baptist, and he has given in the aggregate many months of personal service in the carrying forward of religious and benevolent work. He has rarely refused to give his services without charge as a speaker for any good cause, and a very large part of his earnings have been given to others. His in-

fluence for good has been far-reaching, and he has been a builder of men.

In recent years Mr. Butterworth has become a most popular lecturer, and the demand for his services in this direction has been so great that he has written a number of lectures, among the most popular being the ones entitled "Over the Andes," "Longfellow and the New England Poets," "The Red Settle Tales and Songs of Old New England Days," "Emerson and the New England Transcendentalists," and "The Story of the Hymns." He has also met with most gratifying success as a speaker before religious bodies, one of his most effective addresses being the one entitled "The Creative Power of Prayer."

His wonderfully retentive memory and his ability to present a subject in the most entertaining way make Mr. Butterworth a speaker who always pleases his audi-

ences. He is never happier than when he is addressing the young. This is because his own heart is a fountain of perennial youth, and he refuses to grow old in spirit. His marked fondness for the society of the young is no doubt prompted by the same motive that caused Doctor Johnson to write: "I love the acquaintance of young people; because, in the first place, I do not like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, sir, young men have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect." Be this as it may, it is true that Mr. Butterworth is never happier than when he is in the society of the young, to whom he is a steadfast friend. While Mr. Butterworth has not been a writer of great books, he has written many volumes that

have counted for much in the growing good of the world. The youth of his day and generation have been helped by much that Mr. Butterworth has written, and he has left his impress on the age in which he has lived. Not a line that he has written has destroyed character, or been in any way harmful to his readers. With high ideals and a strong desire to make his work count for good, Mr. Butterworth has been true to himself in his work, and our American literature could ill afford to have lost much that he has contributed to it.

No group of the older Boston men of letters is complete without the genial and scholarly gentleman known as Frank Sanborn, editor, lecturer, author, philosopher. Franklin Benjamin Sanborn was born in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, in 1831. He came to Boston while a young man,

and was graduated from Harvard in 1855. Mr. Sanborn has been connected with journalism in Boston for many years, his Boston letter to the Springfield *Republican* having been widely quoted for many years. Indeed, his opinions, as given in that sheet, have come to be looked upon as authoritative, even although somewhat radical. He was editor of the *Journal of Social Science* twenty-one years, and has edited twenty Massachusetts State Reports on Charities, Labour, etc. Mr. Sanborn was one of the founders and active workers in the Concord School of Philosophy. He has been a lecturer, not only at that famous institution, but in Cornell, Smith, and Wellesley Colleges, and has written biographies of Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, Doctor Samuel G. Howe, John Brown, and Doctor Earl. He has also been one of the founders of the American

Social Science Association, the National Prison Association, the National Conference of Charities, the Clark School for the Deaf, the Massachusetts Infant Asylum, and has been secretary or president of most of these. He has also been chairman of the Massachusetts Board of State Charity, and for ten years an inspector of charities for the State as well. Although he has passed his allotted three score and ten, he is still active in public and charitable work.

CHAPTER VII.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, THOMAS RUSSELL SULLIVAN, JOHN T. WHEELWRIGHT, FREDERIC J. STIMSON, AND ROBERT GRANT

"WHY are you smiling?" asked one friend of another whom he met on the street in Boston.

"I've just left Jeff Roche," was the reply; then both laughed, a merry, genial laugh of perfect understanding and thorough good fellowship.

There is that quality about James Jeffrey Roche that makes all his friends feel in better spirits whenever they see him. He expresses within himself the spirit of

good comradeship, and he fairly radiates kindliness and friendliness. He is a charming man and a delightful, sympathetic companion. His is a well-known figure in literary Boston; he has dark eyes that sparkle and snap with intensity of feeling, or soften with sympathy; his dark hair, that will curl in spite of every attempt to make it lie smooth, is beginning to be threaded with gray, and the gray shows also in the moustache that hides the expressive mouth, which, as well as the eyes, betrays every variation of feeling and each differing emotion.

His thoughts move rapidly, and when he talks, his words come bubbling and tumbling one over the other in the effort of the tongue to keep pace with the brain. He moves his hands in quick, expressive gesture, and even his body shows his mood by its movement, alternately flexible and

tense, swayed by the waves of feeling that pulsate through the healthy veins.

Sparkling, genial, ready of wit, quick with sympathy, clever at repartee, tender of suffering or distress, loyal in friendship, eager, alert, Irish, — this is James Jeffrey Roche, poet, orator, editor.

Mr. Roche was born at Mountmellick, Queen's County, Ireland, just a little over fifty years ago. But all the practical use he had for Ireland was to be born in it, although he has a deep and abiding love for the country in which his eyes first beheld the light of day. He was brought to Prince Edward Island by his parents in his early infancy, and that was his boyhood's home. His father, Edward Roche, an accomplished scholar and a distinguished teacher, personally attended to the early education of his son. The boy attended the school directed by his father,

and prepared for college under his careful eye. He entered Saint Dunstan's College at Charlottetown, where, among his classmates, were the present Chief Justice of the island and Archbishop of Halifax, and in due time he was graduated from that institution of learning.

He showed his literary bent at an early age, and, although when he came to Boston, in 1866, he started out in a business career, he was not destined to follow it for a life's vocation. He engaged for seventeen years in commercial pursuits, but his pen was busy during this period, and he was steadily tending toward what was to prove his real work. He was feeling his way, trying to discover what he really could do in the line of his preferred profession before he should cut loose from the dull routine of a business life, which, as much as he disliked it, still gave him

his bread and butter and the necessary accompaniments. He was the Boston correspondent for the Detroit *Free Press* for several years; he sent fugitive bits of verse here and there; and he was editorial contributor to the *Pilot* long before he became a permanent member of its staff. All this time he was refraining from publishing under his own name. He wanted to be quite sure of his power to succeed before he took the public into his confidence.

The temperaments of the two men, their common nationality and intense patriotism, the ties of a religion which bound them still more firmly, brought John Boyle O'Reilly and James Jeffrey Roche into close friendship and the most intimate relations. The former was the editor-in-chief of the *Pilot*, and he became so interested in his young and clever con-

tributor, recognising to the full his ability, that he prevailed upon him to shake off the fretting trammels of a business life and put on the harness of the editor, which fitted him better, and become assistant on the *Pilot*.

This was in 1883; and, on the death of Mr. O'Reilly, in 1890, Mr. Roche succeeded to the chief editorship, a position which he has held ever since, conducting the paper, as nearly as might be, on the lines laid down by his illustrious predecessor. He combines two qualities not always found together, — discretion and brilliancy. He is a master of trenchant sarcasm and a sparkling but always refined humour. His strong, poetic sensibility would prevent coarseness or any approach to it. He handles political topics most ably, and, in the treatment of the still broader social and economic ques-

tions, he writes with a strength and spirit worthy of the associate and successor of that apostle of human brotherhood, John Boyle O'Reilly.

Like his predecessor, whose footsteps he seems to follow closely, he is poet and author, as well as newspaper writer and editor, and his literary tastes, as one of his friends describe them, "run to the heroic and romantic lines, with a strong squint seaward."

For the latter, there is a legitimate reason. Mr. Roche's sympathy with the heroic records of American seamen came largely from his sympathy with the life of his favourite brother, the late John Roche, pay clerk in the United States Navy, who died a hero's death in the Samoan disaster of March, 1889. "At Sea," a poem which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* the following summer, and

which won high praise from Thomas Bailey Aldrich, is the embodiment of as beautiful a story of brotherly love as the world has ever made record.

The readers of the *Atlantic, Harper's,* the *Century,* and *Scribner's* have become familiar with Mr. Roche's work, for nearly all his later poems have appeared in these magazines. He was the poet of the event at the unveiling of the "High Water Mark Monument" at the national dedication on the field of Gettysburg, June second, 1892, and in 1893, by the invitation of the city of Boston, he wrote the poem for the General Butler Memorial in Tremont Temple.

He is the author of three books of verse, "Songs and Satires," "Ballads of Blue Water," and "The V-A-S-E." His prose works are "The Life of John Boyle O'Reilly," "Story of the Filibusters,"

which has been recently republished with additions under the title of "By-Ways of War," and "Her Majesty, the King."

In 1891 Mr. Roche received the degree of LL. D. from the Notre Dame University of Indiana, and consequently may be addressed as "Doctor" Roche. He is a member of the St. Botolph and Papyrus Clubs, and has served the last mentioned for several years as secretary, and in 1890 was its president.

The famous Papyrus Club, which is known to men of letters and attainment everywhere, so many having been its guests, has furnished its full quota to the literary Boston of to-day. It is an organisation to which only exceptionally brilliant men belong, and the majority of its members have been pen workers, either writers of books, of magazine literature,

of caustic criticism, or pungent paragraphs.

Like Mr. Roche, Mr. Thomas Russell Sullivan is a Papyrus man, one of its past presidents and a still active member; and like Mr. Roche, Mr. Sullivan is of Irish descent, although he is not so near to the country of his progenitors as the former. But he has the gay lightheartedness, the delicate chivalry, the fine sense of humour, and the sparkling wit, which are the bequests of his Celtic forefathers.

The first Sullivan to come to this country left his home, Ardea Castle, in Bantry Bay, in 1723, and found a home in Berwick, Maine. He figures in Sarah Orne Jewett's latest story, "The Tory Lover," and he was a well-known character of the period. He taught all the young people of the time, and was always called "Schoolmaster Sullivan." The name

originally was said to be O'Sullivan, and the genealogist has traced the family back to the O'Sullivan Beare of Bearehaven, a royal Irishman. But the member of the family who came to America, and continued the line here, left the "O" behind him when he started for the new world, and it has been just plain Sullivan ever since.

"Schoolmaster Sullivan" continued to be schoolmaster until he was ninety years of age, and he lived to celebrate his one hundred and fifth birthday. When he was in middle life he made a romantic marriage with a young girl whom he met while coming to this country. One of his sons was the famous Revolutionary general; another son was governor of Massachusetts, and was the ancestor of the author.

Thomas Russell Sullivan was born in

Charles Street, Boston, on the twenty-first of November, 1849. His father, who was also Thomas Russell Sullivan, was the master of a very successful private school, in the rooms under the Park Street Church, and here young Sullivan began his education, which he continued at the Boston Latin School. Later he went into business and spent some time abroad in its interests. He made the most of this time, and laid up a goodly store of material, which he was to turn to practical account in the days, then undreamed of, when he should relinquish business for authorship.

On his return to Boston, in 1875, he entered the large banking-house of Lee & Higginson, and three years later, in 1878, he made his first entrance into the career which he was destined to follow. His first work was a play, "Papa Perrichon,"

an adaptation from the French, which was produced at the Boston Museum, and was afterward taken on the road by Mr. Crane.

This play was followed in quick succession by "Midsummer Madness," "Indian Summer," and "A Cigarette from Java," all of which were successful, and have kept a place in popular dramatic literature ever since. But the most successful of his dramatisations, from every standpoint, was his adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's remarkable story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." This dramatisation was authorised by Mr. Stevenson, and, on its completion, Mr. Richard Mansfield bought it outright, and thus secured control of all the rights of production.

His first novel, "Roses of Shadow," was written in 1885, and in 1888 Mr. Sullivan left business to devote himself

exclusively to literary pursuits. He has since published three volumes of short stories and a second novel, "Tom Sylvester."

Mr. Sullivan is a great social favourite and is a good clubman, being besides an enthusiastic Papyrus member, a loyal Tavern clubman, and an active and popular member of the Union, the St. Botolph, and the Authors' Clubs. He has a frank, earnest expression, and a manner thoroughly charming and gracious, altogether suggestive of birth and breeding. He is tall and erect, walking with a rapid, elastic step, and a military bearing which hints of a long line of soldierly ancestors.

As a writer, Mr. Sullivan is thoroughly conscientious, and a perfect master of English. He is his own most severe critic, and is never satisfied with any of his work until it is polished and finished,

and is made simply direct. This simplicity of diction gives a virility to his writing, reminding one of what the late John Fisk was accustomed to say: "Any attempt at the ornate weakens the work, and the best rule to follow in writing is to use short Saxon words, in terse, direct sentences." Said one of Mr. Sullivan's admirers: "It is interesting to take up one of Sullivan's books at random, and, frank and simple as they seem, try, and try in vain, with the most fastidious criticism, to suggest a change which would be an improvement, even in minor detail."

Mr. Sullivan has been abroad several times, and he is easily conversant with the modern tongues of Europe. He is a close student of literature and language, and has more than an ordinary knowledge of the humanities, and the characters of his stories are drawn from this ripened as-

similated knowledge. That is why they are so delightfully human and appealing.

The home of this author is at 31 Massachusetts Avenue, where, to quote his own words, written in a merry letter to an acquaintance, he is " still at work in spite of advanced age " — the advanced age being a trifle over fifty, as counted by years, although in spirit he is nearer the quarter century mark than half, for with him the wheels of time seem to run backward.

Another one of the group of clever men, of whom Roche and Sullivan are shining examples, is John T. Wheelwright, who is also a Papyrus and a St. Botolph man, a lawyer by profession, and an author by preference.

Mr. Wheelwright was born in Roxbury on the twenty-sixth of February, 1856, before that city became a part of Boston, and while it had an individuality of its

own. He prepared for college in the famous high school of the city, which has had a noble record in its work of training boys for college or the technical schools, and was graduated from Harvard in 1876. He entered the Harvard Law School immediately upon his graduation, and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in 1879.

He had a leaning toward newspaper life, and was for a time on the editorial staff of the Boston *Daily Advertiser,* when that paper was under the editorial management of the lamented Delano Goddard. One of his first hits as a writer was a little sketch which he wrote for George Riddle, a skit on women's sewing societies. It was a clever bit of work, and Mr. Riddle made a genuine success with it.

But the law made so many demands upon the young editorial writer that he dropped newspaper work, to the regret

of his associates in the *Advertiser* office, with whom he was a great favourite, and who missed their genial fellow worker, who was always ready with a good story, a kindly word, and who never lost his serenity, no matter what was the stress of the hour.

But, although Mr. Wheelwright said good-bye to newspaper work, he did not drop his pen, and he wrote something besides briefs with it. His published books are "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge," "A Child of the Country," and "A Bad Penny." He has also written much miscellaneous matter for magazines and newspapers. A critic, speaking of his book, "A Bad Penny," says: "It has a simple, old-time flavour which reminds one of Maria Edgeworth's stories, and other pleasant child lore. Some readers may be impatient with the simple manner of

its telling, but many more will find rest to their souls in a narrative, primitive, like the time of which it discourses, and with a genuine, unaffected American flavour."

Mr. Wheelwright was appointed park commissioner by the late Governor Russell, whose personal friend he was, and he has served in other official capacities, always with credit to himself and to the good of the special service in which he was engaged. His home is at 99 Mt. Vernon Street.

Said the *Bookman:* "Even looking at the matter casually, one is impressed by the close connection which has always existed between law and literature. Although lawyers rarely write fiction which treats essentially of the experiences which come to them through the practice of their profession, there has never been a time

when there have not been lawyers writing novels, and good novels. Scott was a barrister. Balzac began life in a law office. Thackeray was qualified to practise. To-day, in thinking casually of our own American novelists, we recall that Judge Grant, among others, belongs to the legal profession."

The *Bookman* might have found another most brilliant and striking example without going out of Boston, or outside the social and professional circle of which Judge Grant is a distinguished member. The law has lent to literature another man of whose double reputation Boston is justly proud, and that is the writer on law subjects, whose books are everywhere accepted as authority upon the questions of which they treat,—Mr. Frederic Jesup Stimson, who is also known to the world of fiction readers as "J. S. of Dale."

Mr. Stimson was born in Dedham, the beautiful old shire town of Norfolk County, Massachusetts, in 1855, and in this delightful place his boyhood was passed, in the midst of scenes which he has pictured in his historical novel, "King Noanett." Here he has lived all his life, calling Dedham home, even while passing his winters in his town house in Boston. He was graduated from Harvard in 1876, in the same class with John T. Wheelwright, and in 1878 from the Harvard Law School. He was the assistant attorney-general of Massachusetts in 1884-85, and was afterward made general counsel to the United States Industrial Commission.

In view of his comparative youth, for he is only entering middle life, Mr. Stimson has accomplished much valuable work. He has been a voluminous writer upon

legal subjects, and, in spite of professional and official duties, he has found time to make several fine contributions to the literature of the time. A list of his works would read like a library catalogue, and to the average reader many of the titles would convey but little meaning, although to the members of his own profession they are luminous with suggestion.

To Mr. Stimson belongs the distinction of being the pioneer in the field, somewhat overworked of late, of the historical novel. "King Noanett" was one of the earlier of the flood of recent novels which deal with American colonial life, and was a notable success. "Pirate Gold" is another of Mr. Stimson's books which has gained wide popularity. It gives a good idea of Boston in its early days, when it was the leading commercial city of the country, and its merchants were the

princes of the time. These are but two out of the number of works of fiction which Mr. Stimson has written, but they place him in the front rank of American novelists.

Mr. Stimson's home in Dedham is just off High Street, which is one of the famous beautiful streets of New England, although it has been sadly marred by permitting electric cars to run down its tree-shaded length. The grounds reach to the High Street, and the house overlooks the winding Charles, as it takes its sinuous way through the meadows of Dedham, its surface, in the summer, dotted with canoes, which skilful paddlers are propelling either down toward Watertown, from whence the first Dedham settlers came in canoes almost three centuries ago, or up river toward historic Medfield, over the route taken by Courtenay and Moore in

their search for a home. Tall trees, older by years than the town itself, dot the lawn and make pleasant shade for Mr. Stimson's house. A delightful place it is, either to rest after a wearing day in the courts and poring over law books, or to dream out some romance. In the centre of things, yet just outside them, with the dome of the court-house shadowing one side, it is an ideal place for the home of a man of affairs, who is also an idealist.

Other works of Mr. Stimson are "Guerndale," "The Sentimental Calendar," "The Residuary Legatee," "In the Three Zones," "First Harvest," and "The Crime of Henry Vane."

Mr. Stimson is a member of the Papyrus Club, and also of the Somerset and Country Clubs.

Had he established no other reputation, Robert Grant would be known all

over this country as the creator of Selma White. Where he found this monstrous travesty on all womanhood, it would be difficult to tell, although there is no community of any size where she has not been recognised, and her acquaintances have wondered how the author could have known anything about her. The probable truth is that Judge Grant did not find her at all, but that she represents to his mind the type of a certain class of women whose ambitions trample every other sentiment under their feet. She is a composite creation, this heroine of "Unleavened Bread," and no doubt the author intended her as a solemn warning to women who suffer from virulent social ambition. For some time after the appearance of the book, the clubwomen raged as violently as the heathen of old, but the tempest seems to have died down, and all except the most

irrational among them now admit that there was a grain of truth underlying the exaggerated description, and cease making themselves ridiculous by their feminine fulminations against it.

Robert Grant was born in Boston in 1850, and is of Scotch descent, his grandfather coming to this country as a young man, and becoming a good American, marrying a Boston girl of position and wealth. He (Robert Grant) was fitted for college in the Boston Latin School, and he is, as one of his friends describes him, "thrice a Harvard man, Bachelor in Arts, Doctor of Philosophy and Law, in 1873, '76, '79."

Judge Grant was secretary to Doctor Samuel A. Green, when that most genial and accomplished gentleman was mayor of Boston. Then he was a member of the Water Commission, and later associate

judge of probate, which position he still holds. During all the time he has been steadily advancing in his literary position, carrying one work along with another, yet never neglecting the one nor the other. He was none the less the faithful public official because he was publishing novels and essays, nor was his literary work any the less convincing for being done in the intervals of official duties.

To quote from one of his critics: "On the whole, his literary progress may be summarised as having proceeded from the stories of realism in childhood and youth, through the novel of society, to the ripeness of the essayist of men and manners, a species which we have just discovered to be peculiarly and distinctively American, and in which our best writers combine the German insight, the English fairness, the Hebraic humour, the French

delicacy in a manner which seems to possess the field. George William Curtis was no mean man, a scholar, a gentleman, a stylist; but, if one would compare the growth of a generation, it is only necessary to read his 'Potiphar Papers' and Judge Grant's 'Art of Living' consecutively. The latter collection is so complete in its grasp, so Horatian in refinement, so absolute in its comprehensiveness, in which nothing is answered and everything suggested, so restrained in humour, that one lays it down in despair of ever reading anything else. It is final."

In his lovely home in the Bay State Road, in Boston, Judge Grant and his charming wife dispense a gracious hospitality to their many friends, and are themselves convincing exponents of "The Art of Living."

CHAPTER VIII.

ARLO BATES, PERCIVAL LOWELL, JUSTIN H. SMITH, HENRY CABOT LODGE, JOHN TORREY MORSE, AND BRADFORD TORREY

THERE is something about the old West End of Boston, particularly that portion of it which lies on the crest of Beacon Hill, that lures literary people to it. Something still is left there of the spirit of old Boston, of the days before the Back Bay was, or ever the boulevard was builded; business has not succeeded in quite elbowing its way in; it is quiet and tree-sheltered; there is no jangle, nor car-gong, nor whir of the trolley. It is in the very heart of things, yet

it is set discreetly outside the bustle and confusion, the noise and fret, of the world's work ways. It is indescribably fascinating, and especially so to those who come to Boston from other parts of New England, and who know the traditions of the beautiful old town which was set on three hills. And so it is that Arlo Bates, Maine boy, Bowdoin graduate, coming here fresh from college, and making his way to a professorship in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology by the way of the newspaper editor's chair and the story-writer's craft, settled in old Chestnut Street; the quiet street that makes its noiseless way toward the setting sun and the broad river, down the western slope of the hill. Edwin Booth had his Boston home in this street, and here the famous Radical Club lived out its short and brilliant life in the hospitable homes of Doctor Bartol and

Reverend John T. Sargent, numbered respectively 13 and 17.

Here, surrounded by the traditions which make for cleverness and achievement, in the stillest street in the city, in a small house of cosy snugness, full of the weapons and tools of a literary man's labours, Professor Bates finds a congenial atmosphere for a home.

Arlo Bates was born in East Machias, Maine, on the sixteenth of December, 1850. His father was a physician, and the relation between the little growing boy and his father must have been a most beautiful one, to judge by the manner in which the son speaks of his parent, and the tone of the dedications of his books. The same is true of his mother and his affection for her. One can but believe that the family life was sweet and sympathetic, and that

the man's ideal of home was builded upon the boy's experience.

As was the proper thing for a good, loyal State of Maine boy, he was sent to Bowdoin College, the college which was the Alma Mater of Longfellow and of the recent Secretary of the Navy, Honourable John D. Long, and from which he was graduated in 1876. He had early determined to follow literature as a profession, and naturally he turned his steps Bostonward. He must live while he was wooing literary success, and he soon found himself in the editorial harness, having taken a position as editor of the *Sunday Courier,* and, at the same time, he became the Boston correspondent of the Providence *Journal.* But the editorial harness did not fit the ambitious young fellow, and it galled him sadly. He did not hesitate to express himself regarding the trend of

modern journalism, and fretted indescribably, although he saw no immediate opportunity of freeing himself from its trammels. He was in a perpetual attitude of protest and defiance toward that arm of the newspaper body known as the counting-room, and that same arm was usually raised in defence against him, although occasionally the attitude changed to one of offence. He was a conscientious worker with high ideals, which he could not make fit into the surroundings of a paper published to make money for the owners in a perfectly honourable, business fashion, to be sure, but commercial rather than literary, after all.

Still Professor Bates remained as editor from 1880 to 1893, when, doubtless to his great relief, he was called to the chair of English literature in the Institute of Technology, and thus enabled to feel the

coming accomplishment of the aims and ambitions of a lifetime. The man who is largely introspective, who looks inside rather than out for his working material, is out of place in newspaper work, and out of sympathy with it. And so the chair of the professor is more comfortable for one like Professor Bates than would be the most capacious editorial chair in the world.

As to his literary work, Professor Bates has given to the world some very bright and clever books and one or two irritating ones. But there is always an advance, which is a hopeful sign of even better things, and the growth is the more assured because the author's ideals are kept at a high standard. He has written seventeen or eighteen novels, the most talked of, probably, being "The Pagans," "The Philistines," and "The Puritans," each

of which created a sensation on its appearance. "A Lad's Love" and "A Wheel of Fire" were also widely discussed when they appeared. He also published two helpful volumes of "Talks on Writing English" and "Talks on the Study of Literature."

The name of Percival Lowell is prominently associated with Boston, although he is more apt to be found in Mexico or Arizona or the far East than in his native city. He still keeps a home in Boston, however, and has a permanent address here, where his books are published. Mr. Lowell established the Lowell Observatory in 1894, and is a member of many scientific associations. His books deal with astronomical and Oriental topics, which are presented in a popular way, and have helped to do honour to an old Boston name.

Like Mr. Lowell, Professor Justin H. Smith, of the chair of modern history in Dartmouth College, keeps a Boston address, having been connected with a Boston publishing house many years previous to his connection with the New Hampshire college. As Professor Smith is a member of the Boston Authors' Club, and will doubtless return to take up his abode here in due course of time, he may be counted in with the Boston literary set. His book, "The Troubadours at Home," is the most delightful as well as the most exhaustive work on that subject ever published. Professor Smith was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1877, and has travelled much in Europe, acquiring a wide knowledge of history and political economy, with which a comprehensive and liberal mind combines to render him a valued member of society wherever he goes.

Statesmen, naturalists, and financiers, as well as lawyers, have invaded the domain of literature, and the literary Boston of to-day numbers notable examples in its list of members. In this connection, the first name which presents itself is that of the Honourable Henry Cabot Lodge, the junior Senator from Massachusetts. Mr. Lodge comes from fine old Puritan stock, and was born in Boston on the twelfth of May, 1850. He was graduated from Harvard in 1871, from the Harvard Law School in 1875, and was admitted to the bar in 1876.

Although born in Boston, Senator Lodge has, according to the *Time and the Hour,* but one home. "The beautiful house on Rhode Island Avenue at Washington, where he passes so much of his time, is a residence. An ample and agreeable one, to be sure, to which he has added

a handsome library and many adornments; but no man owning and inheriting such an estate as Eastern Point, Nahant, could count any other abiding-place as a real home. The stranger who passes, by sunken ways, — contrived to prevent the occupants of the house from seeing the visitors to the cliffs, who might otherwise use the public right of access to the waterside in a more obnoxious way, — through the grounds to the shore, has little conception of the charm which the situation possesses; rocks, surf, and sea; a glowing garden, intensely verdant turf, shrubbery, and choice glimpses of distant shore; then a great burst of unlimited ocean, the whole arched under a dome of blue sky to an horizon broken nowhere by ugly lines of human structures, alone with nature in its richest perfection and most absolute contrast, though only half an hour from the

great city. Once upon a time the Nahant Hotel stood in these grounds before Mr. Lodge's father acquired the property. A famous resort it was, where the selectest Boston families met equally select visitors from the South and other parts of the country, and where there was a decorous and fine gaiety. The little temple on the highest point, used by the Lodges as a billiard-room, was an appanage of the hotel, destroyed long ago by fire.

"It is not difficult to understand how the young man, who, from his earliest years, drew in the influences of such perfect surroundings, was naturally led to the calm pursuits of scholarship, which preceded his entrance into active political life. Mr. Lodge was the scholar, the editor, and the author before he was the politician, which he has been since, just escaping being the statesman."

Settled very early in life, scarcely past his majority when he took his wedding journey to Europe, directly after his graduation in 1871, he came back to the study of law, in the spirit of the philosopher and commentator rather than the possible practitioner. He won his Ph. D. by a comprehensive and learned treatise upon the "Land Law of the Anglo-Saxons," while he lectured in his alma mater upon American history from 1876 to 1879.

It is in the Cabot blood still to be adventurous, and he sought a newer and wider field in the editorship of the *North American Review* in 1876, and later, from 1879 to 1881, in connection with Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., he edited the *International Review*. An admirable "Short History of the English Colonies in America," and a correct and comprehensive "History of the Spanish-American War"

are excellent exponents of the value of his historical work. The latter must be accepted as the most accurate of any of the numerous histories in the summing up of the causes leading to the war, since, from his position as Senator, and his consequent knowledge of all that preceded it, he was in full possession of the minutest bit of detail which made this late war with Spain inevitable.

As a biographer, he has given to the world the lives of Washington, Hamilton, Webster, and of his great-grandfather, George Cabot. He edited the works of Hamilton, and he also compiled — as a bit of pleasant recreation and a rest from his more arduous labours — one of the finest collections of songs and ballads extant. His taste is exquisitely fine, and he makes no mistake in selection.

All this work, accomplished by a man

who has only just passed the half-century mark, indicates an industry and ability beyond the common inheritance of those born in the purple, especially when it is borne in mind that, besides this, which is in itself a large work of achievement, Mr. Lodge has been making all along an active political career, delivering Lowell lectures, fulfilling the duties of Harvard overseer and of the local functions which naturally fall to a man in his position.

His political career must alone have required great attention and diligence, and much time. It began with his service in the General Court in 1880 and 1881. He went to Congress in 1886, and his advancement to the Senatorship followed his service in the House, while he went to the National Republican Conventions of 1880 and 1884. There is probably

no more scholarly man in the Senate than the junior Senator from Massachusetts, and he is the recognised leader of his party in that body. But it is the author, and not the politician, that we have to do with, and in the literary world Mr. Lodge holds a high place from the breadth and quality of his work, and his scholarly method of treating any subject which he undertakes. Boston is proud to be able to count him among the younger men who are helping to hold up her old traditions, and to give her still the right of claiming to be a literary centre of power and influence, if not *the* centre.

One of the men who was for awhile closely connected with Mr. Lodge, in the editorship of the *International Review*, was Mr. John Torrey Morse, Jr. Mr. Morse was born in Boston on the ninth of January, 1840, and was graduated from

Harvard in 1860. He studied law, and, after his graduation from the law school, wrote several books of value on legal subjects, prominent among which are books relating to banking and also to arbitration and award. These books are considered authorities, and have given their author a prominent place in the list of writers on law. His more recent work has been in the line of biography, and he has written a life of Oliver Wendell Holmes and also a life of Alexander Hamilton. In the American Statesman Series of Biography, he wrote the lives of Abraham Lincoln, John Quincy Adams, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and Benjamin Franklin. Mr. Morse's home is at No. 16 Fairfield Street, in the Back Bay district of Boston, where he lives surrounded by all that goes to make existence flow smoothly and easily along, and where he

is still busy at his work. There is nothing "strenuous" in his mode of life, and, as he says, there is nothing to tell about it, except the story of pleasant hours of congenial work.

Although he was born in Weymouth, and lives now in Wellesley Hills, literary Boston claims the naturalist and delightful writer, Mr. Bradford Torrey, as belonging to her. And why should she not, since all his most charming work first sees the light of day through the pages of the *Atlantic?* There is no one, not even John Burroughs, who seems to live so near to Nature's heart, or to be the recipient of so many of her secrets, as does Mr. Torrey. His work is a perpetual delight from its perennial freshness, its convincing quality, and its absolute naturalness.

He was born in Weymouth, Massachu-

setts, on the ninth of October, 1843, and was educated in the public schools. For the rest, he must have taken a post-graduate course in the woods and on the mountains and hills of New England. By no other means could he know so much about the birds, the trees, the wild flowers, of the habits of Nature, her ways and her methods. It is evident that he lives on terms of the most delightful intimacy with her, and that she takes him into her closest confidence, else how could he tell of her so delightfully and convincingly as he does?

Mr. Torrey is one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion*, and has a lovely home in Wellesley Hills, one of the pleasant suburbs of Boston.

Another worker along historical lines, who belongs to the group of men at present under consideration, is Mr. James

Ford Rhodes, who calls Boston home, since his work is done there at present, and he finds in it a congenial atmosphere. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on the first of May, 1848, and the basis of his education was laid in the excellent public schools of that pleasant lake city. He was afterward at the University of New York, going from there to the University of Chicago for special lines of work, although he did not take a degree. His specialty is history, to which he devotes himself exclusively, and his most ambitious work has been the "History of the United States since the Compromise of 1850."

CHAPTER IX.

ELIZA ORNE WHITE, AGNES BLAKE POOR, ANNA FULLER, HELEN LEAH REED, AND EVELYN GREENLEAF SUTHERLAND

ONE of the best short stories ever printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* was "A Browning Courtship." Its author was Miss Eliza Orne White, whose "Miss Brooks," a novel appearing about the same time, attracted attention to a new writer of originality and genuine humour. Miss White's ascent to fame has been a gradual one, though she has written all her life. It is said that her ambition was always to write a long novel rather than short stories; and that she

wrote one at the age of fourteen that she considers better than anything else she did for years after. Her first published work was some children's stories for the *Christian Register*. By degrees she worked on, her "Browning Courtship," however, being the first thing that attracted public interest, and this not until she was thirty-two or thirty-three. She has written steadily since, and her stories are now well known in England as well as here.

Miss White lives in a delightful old house with extensive, well-shaded grounds in Brookline. The house has the fine literary atmosphere characteristic of Boston's best; and, although the encroachments of modern progress are drawing disagreeably near, it stands so far back from the street that the overhanging trees shut out the proximity of trolley-cars, and, ere the caller has traversed the winding

pathway up the picturesque knoll to the house, he has forgotten the rushing world, and dreams only of sylvan solitudes. Inside the roomy house there are spacious apartments, with cosy corners and beautiful old furniture, with fine pictures and plenty of books, and, best of all, a dignified, genial old father and a silver-haired, delicate little mother, who form exactly the right background for Miss White, who, after all, has often to wrestle with the disadvantages of a woman's career. She is a housekeeper at home, and nurse as well, and for months at a time is unable to get to her writing at all. This makes her feel as if she were leading a dual existence; and when she is not actually writing, she forgets that she is ever such a thing as a literary person.

With regard to her working habits, the same circumstances keep her from being

regular. She prefers to work in the morning. Working late in the day keeps her from sleeping at night. She can write about four thousand words in a day, but that is when she is copying, rarely while she is composing.

Miss White does not devote much attention to style, although she revises and polishes her work very carefully. She believes the more she polishes her writing, the more spontaneous it appears. She likes to write straight ahead first, even though it involves the frequent repetition of the same word. This defect she is careful to correct afterward.

Miss White's characters are very real to her, — they even "write themselves." She finds it impossible to change even their names, once they have been christened. Her mother, who takes the keenest interest in her daughter's work, once ob-

jected to the name of one of Miss White's heroines, and wanted her to change it. The author, in deference to her mother's wishes, tried various other names, but none of them would do, and she was finally obliged to come back to the original appellation, as the only one that was at all natural.

This illusion of reality is so strong that she is not willing to alter her stories radically when once they have got written down. She had, by her publisher's request, to shorten "Miss Brooks" considerably, cutting out certain scenes and shortening others, but the result was not satisfactory to her. She has the feeling common to most writers endowed with originality, that rewriting a book, or any portion of it, to gratify the desires of publishers or critics, destroys in a degree her sense of creation and possession. And

yet to assist her judgment toward a more reasonable mean, she likes to read her manuscripts to friends, and, in this way, by noting the impression made, thinks she becomes quite a good critic of her own work.

She rather makes a point of avoiding the study of people for the sake of making use of them in her books, and thinks that characters in fiction are less often exact portraits from real life than is usually supposed.

Miss White's own favourite among her books is "Winterborough"; not that she thinks it is really her best, but because she values its associations. It represents the scenes among which she grew up, and the people who surrounded her youth. Curiously enough, the author's favourite is seldom that of the public. Mrs. Deland confesses to a particular fondness for

"The Wisdom of Fools," and Miss Jewett to "The Country of the Pointed Firs," and, while both of these were well received, neither of them have sold as well as other books by the same author.

Miss White's last book is "John Forsyth's Aunts," and this was preceded by "A Lover of Truth," "The Coming of Theodora," "Winterborough," "A Browning Courtship and Other Stories," "Miss Brooks," and several fascinating children's books.

Among Miss White's neighbours is her friend, Miss Blanche M. Channing, of the famous Channing family, an earnest philanthropist and a successful writer of children's books, "Winifred West" and others.

Miss Agnes Blake Poor, whose short stories have attracted considerable attention in the leading magazines, is another

Brookline writer. Miss Poor has a pleasant house on Walnut Street, with summer quarters at Andover, Maine. She is the daughter of Mr. Henry Varnum Poor, banker and editor. Her first book, "Brothers and Strangers," appeared in 1894, and her second, "Boston Neighbours," was particularly well received. She has written much for magazines and periodicals, under the pen-name of "Dorothy Prescott," but of late has more often used her own name in full.

Mrs. Thomas Aspinwall (born Alicia Towne) is another Brookline writer who is making a reputation with her stories for young people.

When "Pratt Portraits" appeared in 1892, it created a sensation, and attracted immediate attention to its author, Miss Anna Fuller, a Cambridge woman of charming address, unusual brilliancy, and

remarkable powers of observation. Her first book, the "Pratt Portraits," was not published until her thirty-eighth year. This was not because she did not have an impulse toward writing from her earliest years; indeed, she has told some one that it was only the disproportionate price of paper compared with her pocket-money that prevented the greatest American novel from being written by her at the age of twelve. But the exigencies of earning her living by less congenial occupations, which seemed more immediately remunerative, prevented her from having the necessary leisure to make a literary experiment. She began writing as soon as she had time to devote to it, for she claims that a certain leisure from the primitive anxieties of existence was necessary before the imagination can set to work.

The "Pratt Portraits" was not her first appearance in print, however. She made her début in the New York *Evening Post,* at the age of twenty-one, with a letter from Germany. The editor was so pleased with this that he expressed a desire for more, but Miss Fuller was so abashed by her sudden success that she could not pluck up courage to repeat the experiment.

Her most popular book in this country has been "A Literary Courtship." It may be of some comfort to struggling authors, whose excellent manuscripts are continually rejected, to know that this book, like many another popular novel, ran the gauntlet of innumerable refusals before it was finally accepted; and that then, when the book had appeared and been a success, one of the firms that had refused it, when it was first offered, wrote

innocently to Miss Fuller, asking her to write a story on similar lines for them.

Indeed, it would seem sometimes that seven proves a lucky number to the struggling author, for some of the most successful books, like "David Harum," "Eben Holden," "King Noanett," and others, were rejected by seven publishers before finally seeing the light of the printed page.

As to "A Literary Courtship," those who have read the story will remember that it hinges on the adoption of a feminine *nom-de-guerre* by a masculine writer. An astute English critic, the critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette,* insisted that the writer was playing the same trick, and was evidently a man, in spite of the name "Anna Fuller" on the title-page.

Miss Fuller's impulse is to write off her story in the rough at first, and then

to prune and revise it exhaustively. She thinks there is a danger of spoiling the spirit of a story if one potters over the sentences as one goes along; and that there is unwisdom in working against the grain, in trying to force inspiration when the inspiration is not there. When the impulse of inclination is strongest, then is the writing most likely to be worth reading, a truth accepted by most authors. Like many another writer, too, Miss Fuller has a feeling that each book she writes is worse than the last, and she is always in the depths of despair before the publication of every one, lest it should not please. Partly for this reason, she likes to read over her work to friends beforehand to be criticised and encouraged.

Besides the books already mentioned, she has written "Peak and Prairie from a Colorado Sketch-Book," "A Venetian

June," "One of the Pilgrims," and "Katherine Day." Miss Fuller lives in artistic apartments at 191 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

A few doors below lives Miss Helen Leah Reed, whose "Brenda" stories are fast making her name a household word wherever there are young girls. Miss Reed was graduated from Boston schools, and then took the course at Radcliffe College, in the old days when it was still the "Harvard Annex," and she was the first young woman to win the Sargent Prize for the best translation from the Greek. After taking her degree from the "Annex," Miss Reed went on to the editorial force of the Boston *Daily Advertiser,* but after a few months resigned the place in order to devote herself to purely literary work. Since that time, however, she has done a good deal of desultory writing for

the Boston *Transcript,* for Chicago papers, and for syndicates. Her first book was a novel, "Miss Theodosia"; but in writing for girls, as she has done since, Miss Reed seems to have found her *métier,* and is establishing a reputation for conscientious and painstaking, as well as fascinating, work.

Still farther up the avenue, one may find, as mistress of Doctor John Preston Sutherland's home, another woman who is fast making a name, not as a novelist or juvenile writer, but as playwright. Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland began her literary work as dramatic critic for several Boston newspapers, during which period she wrote many notable short stories, as "Dorothy Lundt," taking the prize in McClure's short story competition, in 1894, with an army story, "Dikkin's Dog." Her interest in the drama,

and her wide acquaintance among theatrical people, however, turned her serious work in the way of play-writing, a field where she is winning laurels and achieving excellent results. Two books of one-act plays have been produced, "Po' White Trash," and "In Office Hours." At first she collaborated with Emma Sheridan Frye, former leading lady at the Boston Museum and with Richard Mansfield. Later she collaborated with General Charles King in "Fort Frayne," and with Booth Tarkington dramatised "Beaucaire" for Mr. Mansfield. Mrs. Sutherland is well known to a large circle of friends, belongs to several leading clubs, and is a popular woman, endowed with executive ability, originality, and a keen wit; add to this that she is an affable and charming hostess, and it will be unnecessary to add that her "Sunday evenings"

are enjoyed by many noted players while they are in Boston, as well as many appreciative people whose names are scarcely well known.

Mary Devereux, whose "From Kingdom to Colony" has been widely read and discussed, is a resident of Boston, and lives in a quiet way at that famous hostelry, the Parker House. Mary Knight Potter is another Bostonian who is coming to the front in the world of letters, if, indeed, she has not already arrived. Her "Love in Art" is a delightful book, and "Councils of Crœsus" is one of the best novels of the day, while among the juveniles she is known and loved for her graphic representation of "Peggy's Trial."

CHAPTER X.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY, BEULAH MARIE DIX, CAROLINE TICKNOR, ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN, MARY TAPPAN WRIGHT, LILIAN SHUMAN, AND GERALDINE BROOKS

"'I'VE decided what I'm going to be when I grow up,' announced Alison, at the mature age of eight one day, 'I'm going to be a poet.' And then after a serious moment, — 'And if I am, I hope I'll be a good one.'"

If this was the youthful ambition of Josephine Preston Peabody, the gods were indeed good, and granted all her wish, for, although she will not round out her

third decade for some years yet, the critics have already relegated her to one of the highest seats on Olympus with American poets.

Miss Peabody claims that her biography can be condensed into eight words:

I was born
and
I still am here.

But there are a few intermediate facts of interest to other people. She was born in New York, moved to Dorchester when she was eight years old, and lived the life of a suburban child till she moved to Cambridge in 1900. Her education was in the Girls' Latin School (after the suburban grammar school) and two years' special study at Radcliffe; "and trudging back and forth from libraries," she said, in a recent interview, "and writing all kinds of things ever since I could write

at all. I have always written much verse and dramatic scraps from the very first, likewise stories, short and long, when I was a child. As I grew up, prose dwindled and poetry grew; but I look back upon an almost unbroken history of thinking and of solitary work at the problem of getting one's ideas clear to oneself and to other people. The career of writers is not attractive to me, however. As a child, I should have chosen to be an artist of some kind; but while I was amusing myself with plays and paint-boxes, my semi-conscious expression of myself, by way of prose and dramas and doggerel verse, was going on at a rate that I never realised. My sister Marion became the artist (it is she who designed my first two book-covers), and I kept on with the medium that had half developed itself.

"When I went to the Latin School, I

put many verses in the school paper; a few of them were dramatic bits on the subjects given out for school compositions (Penelope in 'The Wayfarers' started out in this way). But the first thing accepted by an important magazine was 'The Shepherd Girl,' a poem which Horace Scudder accepted for the *Atlantic Monthly*. Through it, I met him, and he was the first man of letters who ever spoke with authority of my work, or gave me literary counsel; perhaps I should say encouragement. For I was never cheered on, as a child, and never discouraged. I merely wanted to please myself, without precept or prospect."

Doubtless this lack of interference had much to do with the development of the poet, and anxious mothers might draw a lesson from it if they would. Miss Peabody lives in Cambridge with her mother

and her sister, the decorative designer, and has recently taken the place of Professor Vida Scudder at Wellesley College, giving courses of English literature. Her work covers a collection of old Greek folk-stories, "The Wayfarers," "Fortune and Men's Eyes," and "Marlowe," the latter, especially, a fine illustration of her claim that, while it may be inconvenient to be given to poetry in a time when so few people care for poetry, that that is a matter she cannot seem to change; and also that nothing seems to give her the congenial scope and exhilaration of the big drama.

A neighbour of Miss Peabody's is another of Boston's young literary workers. Beulah Marie Dix lives at 77 Larch Road with her family, a diligent literary worker who has apparently grasped the fact that hard work has something to do with

genius and more especially with success. Her father's people are of English descent, and have been in the vicinity of Watertown ever since 1640. Edwin Asa Dix, the author of "Deacon Bradbury," is her father's third cousin. Her mother came from Machias, Maine. She is a great-great-granddaughter of Gideon O'Brien, one of the six O'Brien brothers who had a hand in the capture of the British sloop *Margaretta* in Machias lower bay, the first naval battle of the Revolution, which may have given Miss Dix her taste for colonial scrimmages. She was born at Plymouth, Massachusetts, December twenty-fifth, 1876, in the days before the trail of summer visitors was over the town. She passed her first twelve years of life very happily there, attending school as little as possible till she was ten, reading everything she could

lay her hands on, and playing alone a great deal. In 1889, her family moved to Chelsea, where she entered the high school, worked steadily, read the valedictory, and entered college in 1893, going to Radcliffe, at that time Harvard Annex. She was the kind that they call a "sporting grind," — played basket-ball and went to club meetings and rehearsed plays all day, and then studied most of the night. She did a good deal of English and history, besides the necessary amount of languages, living and dead. In 1897, she took the degree of B. A., *summa cum laude,* and with highest honours in English, and received for her honour thesis — subject, "Published Collections of English and Scottish Ballads, 1765-1802" — the George B. Sohier Prize of two hundred and fifty dollars. This prize is given "for the best thesis presented by

a successful candidate for Honours in English or Modern Literature," whether an undergraduate of Harvard, a Harvard graduate studying in the graduate school, or a student of Radcliffe. Miss Dix is particularly pleased with that prize, claiming it is the one thing in life that she is proud of. "Everybody, particularly every young woman," she says, "writes blood and thundery historical novels nowadays; but every young woman does not take the Sohier prize." On the strength of it, she returned to college for a year of graduate work, and took her degree of M. A. in 1898.

She began writing little stories when she was seven or eight, and began telling them to herself o' nights much younger. She plunged into the theme courses, and by a stroke of luck sold to *Lippincott's Magazine* one of her sophomore themes,

which was published in 1895. This success encouraged her to write other stories, and then she took to play-writing. In her junior year she wrote a little romantic play for the college girls, and published it under the name of "Cicely's Cavalier." Other one-act comedies of the same period were given at college, one by the Cambridge Dramatic Club, and two of them, "Apples of Eden" and "At the Sign of the Buff Bible," were played in New York by the pupils of the Empire Theatre Dramatic School (Franklin H. Sargent) in 1897 and 1898.

In her graduate year at college, Miss Dix had taken all the English theme work that there was to do, so she started to write a little book for boys, taking a plot she had in mind for several years, and "Hugh Gwyeth, a Roundhead Cavalier" was the result. Just at that time she got

a chance to do a child's story about the Pilgrims, for the Macmillan Company, and ventured to send them "Hugh Gwyeth." They accepted it, and it was brought out in the spring of 1899. All this time she was writing short plays and stories. Some of the later got into print in *Short Stories* and *The Delineator* and *Lippincott's*. In the fall of 1899 Macmillan published "Soldier Rigdale," a story of early Plymouth; and then Miss Dix settled down to serious work, as she called, on a real novel that she had had in mind for four or five years. It was published in the spring of 1901, under the title of "The Making of Christopher Ferringham." "A Little Captive Lad," a story of England in the year 1650, is just appearing, and so is a novel, called "The Beau's Comedy," on which Miss Dix and her friend and fellow collegian, Miss Car-

rie Harper, collaborated. She has also done a good deal of play-writing lately with her friend, Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland.

She lives very quietly at Cambridge with her family, never travels, reads a little in the Harvard library before she writes about anything, — a method quite unfashionable among young women writers. In "Christopher Ferringham," she tried to give her own view on life and a man's life and the doctrine of regeneration by hard labour, and also her views on what the Massachusetts Puritans of 1650 were. The book is usually judged as a "rattling story of adventure." "Of course I shall always write," says Miss Dix. "It is a teasing trade. I don't know that I want to drop it; I suppose I couldn't if I wanted to." As to her methods of work, she writes with pencil on

yellow paper, and rewrites and revises, and typewrites and revises again, and then re-typewrites and prints. Then the critics tell her how she ought to have done it.

Over in Jamaica Plain another young woman is doing a great deal of excellent literary work in her quiet way, and doing honour to the fine old name she bears. Miss Caroline Ticknor is a daughter of Benjamin Holt Ticknor, publisher, and granddaughter of William D. Ticknor, founder of the historic publishing house of Ticknor & Fields. Miss Ticknor, who has for the past five or six years been writing short stories for the *Harper's, Atlantic, Lippincott, Cosmopolitan, Youth's Companion, Independent,* and other periodicals, besides contributing humourous sketches to the New York *Tribune,* Boston *Transcript, Globe,* and other papers, has enjoyed the privilege of being brought up

in the atmosphere of authors and libraries. Her first book, "A Hypocritical Romance and Other Stories," appeared in 1896, and was followed by "Miss Belladonna," a social satire, which was published in 1897. During the past two years Miss Ticknor has been engaged in doing considerable editorial work, and has, besides her other literary work, completed the task of compiling twenty volumes of famous selections in conjunction with Forrest Morgan and Nathan Haskell Dole. This work, entitled "The International Library of Famous Literature," was published in 1898.

Like all good Bostonians, Miss Ticknor belongs to several clubs, literary, patriotic, and dramatic, but she willingly deserts them all for out-of-door sports, as she is devotedly fond of athletics, being, above all things, an enthusiastic skater.

Miss Ticknor has recently edited twenty volumes of "Masterpieces of Famous Literature" and fifteen volumes of "The World's Great Orations." She lives in the best part of Jamaica Plain, on a quiet, shady street, in an interesting old house, the most fascinating room of which is the library, with its walls covered with autographs of her grandfather Ticknor's authors, — Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Tennyson, George Eliot, and many others who were his dear friends, and most of whom he introduced to the reading public.

Since "A Social Highwayman" was dramatised, the name of Elizabeth Phipps Train has been widely known. She began her literary work in the late eighties with several volumes of French translations, and since that time has published "Dr. Lamar," "A Professional Beauty," "A

Social Highwayman," "A Marital Liability," and "A Queen of Hearts." She was born in Dorchester, makes her winter home on Marlboro Street, Boston, and has a charming summer house in Duxbury. Miss Train spends much time abroad, however. She is a cousin of the famous beauty, Miss Eleanor Winslow, of London, who, it is said, was the real heroine of her "Autobiography of a Professional Beauty."

Miss Cornelia Warren, daughter of the late S. D. Warren, of Mount Vernon Street, is another Boston woman who has written a successful novel, "Miss Wilton," published ten years ago, and who intends to write again when she has leisure. At present, her time is given to the Denison House Settlement work, of which she is treasurer.

Mary Tappan Wright is another famil-

iar name to magazine readers. Mrs. Wright lives in Cambridge, on beautiful old Quincy Street, the wife of J. H. Wright, himself an author-editor as well as professor of Greek at Harvard University. She was the daughter of President Tappan of Kenyon College. Her books are "A Truce and Other Stories" and "The Alien," a recent successful novel, treating of Southern life from the Northern point of view.

Lillian Gertrude Shuman (Mrs. Carl Dreyfus) was born September third, 1876, in Boston. She still resides in her father's fine, old-fashioned house in Roxbury, where she was born, and where the largest part of her life has been spent. She attended the Dillaway Grammar School in Roxbury, and, after graduating, went immediately to Miss Heloise Hersey's school for girls on Chestnut Street, Bos-

ton. Here she remained for five consecutive years, receiving her certificate for advanced study. She then continued special courses with Miss Hersey herself, studying the languages and other branches of learning with private instructors at home. During these years she travelled quite extensively in Europe, making three different journeys, one of longer duration for the purpose of study.

She has recently been abroad upon a brief trip of pilgrimage to literary shrines in Italy, from which we shall hear in poetic prose. She was married April sixth, 1899, to Mr. Carl Dreyfus, Harvard '95, of Boston. She is a member of the Boston Authors' Club, the Boston Browning Society, and also a member of the examining committee of the Boston Public Library. Mrs. Dreyfus is the author of a volume of dainty poems, entitled

"From Me to You," and has written frequently for Boston periodicals. Her work is marked by a beautiful sincerity and clear-sightedness of purpose. Young, filled with high aspirations, and possessed of leisure for study, and, above all, free from the necessity of writing "pot-boilers," we may look for work from her that is exceptionally worth while in the future.

Then there is Miss Geraldine Brooks, the oldest daughter of Elbridge Streeter Brooks, who was himself for many years an important member of the best literary set in and around Boston. Mr. Brooks had written very nearly fifty volumes previous to his death in January, 1902, and his daughter not only inherited his talent, but had the benefit of his advice and literary training. Miss Brooks has written two books on "Colonial Dames," which have been well received and give promise

of better work to come. She is a charming young woman personally, a graduate of Radcliffe College, to whom the doors of literature have already swung open. The Brooks family have occupied a lovely home in Somerville for many years, and are important members of the Boston Authors' Club, as well as having a wide acquaintance among literary and musical people throughout the East.

Miss Abbie Farwell Brown, whose juvenile stories are of uncommon quality, is another promising author of whom much may be expected in the future; and Miss Elizabeth McCracken, a young newspaper woman of Boston, has a name that is beginning to appear frequently on the title-pages of the leading magazines. Miss Edith Robinson is another Boston writer who has made herself known by several excellent juveniles and two or three novels

of much ability. Miss Robinson is a Massachusetts woman residing in Boston and devoting herself to literature. Among her successful books are "Forced Acquaintances," "Penhallow Tales," "A Little Puritan Rebel," "A Loyal Little Maid," "The Captain of the School," and "A Puritan Knight-Errant."

CHAPTER XI.

MARY A. LIVERMORE, ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY, EDNAH DOW CHENEY, ABBY MORTON DIAZ, AND KATE TANNATT WOODS

ONE of the women whom Boston delights to honour, one of Boston's very own, born at the old North End, when the North End was the representative portion of the city, educated in its schools, as far as they could give her the education she desired, and coming back to it after a few years of absence, to win new honours and to grow old among the friends of her early life, is Mary A. Livermore, reformer, philanthropist, orator, and writer. She has reached the

autumn of life, the days, not of inactivity, for Mrs. Livermore will be active as long as she has life, but of peace, and with the fruits of her good works garnered in her heart, she awaits in the restful sunshine of ripe retrospection the cheerful harvest home.

Mary Ashton Rice was born in Boston on the nineteenth of December, 1821, and was a pupil at the old Hancock School at the North End. She was a bright, unusually clever girl at her books, and kept pace with her brothers and their friends in all school work, but when it came to the higher education, the larger opportunity, she was not permitted to go on with them. The college was open to them, but its doors were shut to her. She took the best that offered, however, and went to a "Female Seminary" at Charlestown, which was at the time one of the

finest schools for girls in this part of the country. She was graduated from there, and, after her graduation, she took a position as a teacher in this same school. At that time teaching seemed the only vocation open to an ambitious girl who had her own way to make, and she naturally followed it.

But she soon left Massachusetts, tempted by an offer as teacher in a family school in Virginia, where she remained for some time. It was while there that her eyes became fully opened to the horrors of slavery, although in the family in which she was employed the negroes were kindly treated, and there were none of the evils which sometimes accompanied the system. She tried to teach the blacks during her leisure hours, but was not permitted, and left Virginia to open a school of her own at Duxbury, in Massachusetts, which was

most successful, but which she finally gave up to unite her fortunes with those of a promising young Universalist clergyman, the Rev. Daniel P. Livermore. With him she went to Fall River, and found new duties, no less pleasant than teaching. She must have been a fine teacher, for the reputation which she won then has always stayed by her. The same magnetic power, the same subtle influence that every one recognises who comes in contact with her now, was potent then, and it almost seemed as though she was giving up a vocation to which she was as plainly "called" as was ever one to any sacred work.

But it soon became quite as plainly apparent that there was to be in this marriage no sacrifice of personality, no merging of the strong individual soul into another's life, but that sympathy and pure

affection were to double and not hamper its energies. Together they worked, this devoted pair, and the wife was as busy as the husband, performing her many duties with wonderful grace and tact.

In 1857 the Livermores removed to Chicago, and Mrs. Livermore became her husband's assistant in the editorship of a denominational paper, undertaking almost the entire charge, and leaving him a larger liberty for pulpit work.

Then followed the war, and the formation of the Sanitary Commission, in which Mrs. Livermore was an active worker, as well as one of the founders. It did a magnificent work, that great auxiliary association in which so many noble women found opportunity for splendid service, and whose history supplements the lurid war record of blood and carnage. Here were gentle hands binding up wounds,

pouring oil and wine, writing letters for poor, shattered fingers to send to friends at home, bathing fevered foreheads raised in prayer to commend passing souls to heaven. In hospitals, in camp, on the battlefield itself, they went, these ministering angels. These years of labour, of travel, of appeal, of entreaty, of personal service, were the condensed values of a lifetime, of a thousand ordinary lifetimes.

Chicago was the central point of disbursement for the West, and early in the war Mrs. Livermore was sent to the front with stores for the hospitals. It was when she was coming up from the camp in front of Vicksburg that she made her first public address, little dreaming to what it would lead. The boys were in fearful straits, and Mrs. Livermore started north to get fresh supplies. The work had begun to flag, people had begun to tire of giving,

the war was getting to be an old story, and something must be done.

On the way up the Mississippi she was telling the story of the needs of the men at the front to a gentleman, who proved to be a leading citizen of Dubuque, Iowa. Dubuque was one of the places at which she was to stop to beg for help, and she asked the advice of her fellow traveller, about how best to reach the people.

"There is but one thing to be done," he said; "you must meet some of them personally and tell them the story of the great needs."

Mrs. Livermore agreed, supposing that she was to meet a few of the most influential women of the city in some parlour, and, in answer to questions, tell them what she wanted them to do, leaving the work of getting up a mass-meeting and collecting stores and money to them.

The boat arrived at Dubuque early in the morning, and her friend escorted her to the hotel, so that she might get some rest, while he set about getting the people together. When she awoke, he was waiting to see her.

"I've got the largest church in town, and the fliers are at every house, announcing that you will speak this evening about the needs of the army and the work of the Commission."

Mrs. Livermore was aghast.

"I can't do it," she said; "I never did such a thing in my life as to speak in public."

"But you must now," said the man, "everybody is expecting it, and it is the only thing to be done."

"But I have prepared no speech; I don't know what to say."

"Tell the people just what you told me,

and tell it as though you were telling it to one. You will find you will have a generous response."

"But I have no change of dress; I have only this one, soiled with the mud and stained with the water of the camp."

"Never mind the dress, that is a secondary matter; it is what you will say, not what you will wear, that will tell."

In the end she consented, and a few hours later, in a brilliantly lighted, elegant church, wearing her dress stained with the mud of the camps, she faced her first audience, which completely filled the spacious auditorium, all eager to hear the message "from the front."

At first her knees trembled, so that they could scarcely bear her weight, a mist swam before her eyes, and her voice refused to utter a word. It seemed an age; it was but a moment that she stood thus;

then suddenly the thought of the brave fellows in camp and hospital came to her, and she realised that only her words could help them in their distress. Her tongue was loosened, and simply, but so earnestly, even passionately, she told her story and brought her message, that every heart was opened, and there was a generous and speedy response.

That night's work in Dubuque showed to the leaders of the Sanitary Commission where her power lay, and how best she could help. So she was sent to city after city, and the money and the stores came pouring in. And still she did not abandon her work at the front; she visited camp and hospital, and hardly a soldier in the Union army did not know her name and reverence it.

Chicago was a parole camp, and many of the boys detained there were welcomed

at her own home, and the sick ones especially looked after.

The war being ended, the cause of woman suffrage began to claim Mrs. Livermore's attention and engross her untiring activity, and she started the *Agitator* in Chicago, but came to Boston in 1870 to edit the new suffrage organ, the *Woman's Journal.* She continued in the editorial charge for about three years, when her increasing popularity as a speaker, and the consequent demand for her in lyceums and for lectures in the leading cities all over the country, made it necessary for her to drop her editorial duties. For years her name was one of the most potent in "lyceum" announcements all over the land. She was quite in her element in this work, as she enjoyed the travel, triumphed in the fatigue to which many others, men as well as

women, would have succumbed, and gloried in the opportunity of disseminating the truths in which she believed as saving doctrines to humanity.

The temperance work was the next field for her labours, and for the last quarter of a century Mrs. Livermore has laboured, written, spoken, and organised for the great local moral reform of the day, which she espoused with deep interest, and with an intensity unflavoured by bitterness, malice, or evil-speaking of antagonists. The personal side never is permitted to enter this work; she keeps always to the side of broad morality and the question of absolute right or wrong. Indifference, selfishness, criminality, stand on one side to be attacked. These eliminated, and how small, comparatively, is the sincere opposition to that intense desire to remove the drink temptation from the pathway

of the weak, which actuates everybody who goes down into the lives of the submerged. What law can effect is one thing, what public opinion ought to is another; and there are not a few people, who, if they should probe their consciences, would find themselves moved to personal denial, lest they cause their brother to offend, and to the promotion of a general temperance sentiment as far as in them lies. Many a person, many thousand of persons, Mrs. Livermore has moved to this sort of thinking, who would have been driven into opposition by the intemperate howlers for temperance.

Besides her work in suffrage and temperance, her busy brain has devoted itself to the work of Chautauqua, to the advancement of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, the Soldier's Aid, the Indian Association, the Psychical Society,

in all which and in many more causes and organisations Mrs. Livermore serves in pen and in person. She never refuses to work for a cause which really needs her efforts, and in the old lyceum days she would bother poor James Redpath, then her manager, by undertaking an engagement for little or nothing, at the same time sacrificing some lucrative appointment.

The Livermore home is in Melrose, one of the pleasantest and most attractive of Boston's many attractive suburbs. It is an old-fashioned, square, roomy house, with wide piazzas and pretty, well-kept grounds that slope downward to the shores of the lovely Crystal Lake, and all about are the prosperous looking, comfortable homes of the conservative, wealthy New Englanders. Within, in the long parlour on the left of the door, a room which runs

the whole length of the house, are many portraits, some busts, and a few pictures, memorials of many great men, women, and great causes, but the dominating feature, the thing above all that attracts and holds the visitor, is the beautiful bust of Mrs. Livermore herself by Anne Whitney.

Mrs. Livermore's own special workplace is up-stairs. Here is a study, communicating with her sleeping-room, lined on every side, from the floor to the ceiling, with books, and furnished with a large revolving bookcase, which stands near a big study table, upon which an enormous correspondence is punctually answered — a child's request for an autograph as punctiliously as the official communication of a foreign society.

In this room, with her secretary, Mrs. Livermore passes many hours each day,

for her pen is still busy, and she does not know what it is to be idle.

Mrs. Livermore has a most magnetic personality, and whether one listens to her as she speaks from the platform, or talks with her face to face, this quality is felt, compelling and convincing. She is a woman of large frame, which her years have not bent, and of large, expressive features. She is always plainly dressed, simple in speech, and a practical, common sensible manner, reminding one of the old-time Puritan women in her directness. But when she speaks! Then it is that her charm and her power alike are felt. She has a most wonderful voice, full, deep, and flexible, capable of expressing feeling and even passion, and its first tones challenge the respect and attention which always follow her. She has studied and developed her great oratorical gift, yet it

does not disguise, but rather illuminates, her sincerity and conviction, which are the impressive influences that radiate to a single listener, or to crowded audiences, with such extraordinary effect.

There is a saying familiar to all that has something to do with prophets and their own country, and the honour that is denied them there. This does not hold true in this case. The whole town of Melrose delights to honour its distinguished citizen, and since the death of her husband, about three years ago, it holds her in special affection and care.

No two stories of achievement could be more different than those of Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney and Mrs. Livermore. Mrs. Livermore's work, done in the full light of the world, every new movement in some way a public measure for the uplifting and broadening of humanity, Mrs. Whitney's

in the shelter of the home, yet having for its ultimate end the same general aim as that of her fellow worker.

Although not agreeing as to what was the better way of achieving the end, both were equally zealous and sincere in wishing to do the most for the bettering of the world, so that they might not feel that they had lived and worked in vain.

Mrs. Whitney occupies the peculiar position of belonging to literary Boston, while not being of it. Her work has made her recognised as one of the strong features of the literary life of the community since her first book was published in about 1860, although she has kept her personal side very much away from the world, and sent her work, which has been always on the side of the purity and integrity of life, out from the shelter of her suburban home.

And, since personal effacement has been

her wish, the newspapers have respected it, and interviewers have not been permitted to trouble her. When her opinion has been sought, upon any question involving the safety of the home, the bettering of the community, and the uplifting of civic affairs, she has never refused to give it through the medium of her pen; but anything which seemed to her impertinent, or which she thought intruded upon the personal, she has never hesitated to treat with the contempt which she felt that it deserved. The world knows as much as she believes it has a right to know concerning her, and no more. Her work has been so well received, so wanted, evidently, that her publishers have never been compelled to resort to the employment of personalities to advertise them. Had that been the case, however, she would have seen her books fail, rather than employ

such methods, because she believes so thoroughly in the right of every individual to hold his life sacred and apart from the public. She has never belonged to clubs, or in any way made for herself divergent interests outside of the home.

Adeline Train was born in Boston on the fifteenth of September, 1824, and was the daughter of one of Boston's best known and most successful business men. She was educated in her native city, finishing at the school of George B. Emerson, where all the leading young women of the Boston of her time were pupils, which she attended from 1837 to 1841.

On leaving school, she entered society, after the custom of all young women of wealth and position, and, judging from her books, and the hearty way she writes about the social festivities of the young, she must have enjoyed life immensely,

and, at the same time, taken its pleasures sensibly.

In 1843 she was married to Mr. Seth D. Whitney, and settled in Milton, which was her husband's home, and where she still lives. In her early life she wrote little for publication, although she was an "occasional contributor" to the magazines of the time, but probably had no idea of the place which she was to hold in the large world of letters in her later life.

Her first book was published in 1859, and, unless memory is treacherous, it was "The Boys of Chequasset," a juvenile story which was well received, but gave no hint of the popularity which was to follow the appearance of her next book. When "Faith Gartney's Girlhood" was published, it came upon the world like a revelation. It was so different from anything which had preceded it; it was so

simple, so direct, so human, and so strong that it carried captive every one who read it.

It was one of the first books — unless "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is excepted — that had a phenomenal sale, and passed quickly from edition to edition. The critics didn't quite know what to do with it; there were no standards by which to measure it, it was entirely unlike anything else, so they gave up trying to criticise, and heaped unstinted praise upon it.

As for the young girls who read it, they were simply delighted by it, and called for more like it. And so that remarkable series of books for girls, "Leslie Goldthwaite," "Real Folks," "We Girls and the Other Girls," were written. There is no doubt that these books helped many a girl to elevate her standard of living, and taught her many an unconscious lesson

in behaviour, and that Mrs. Whitney stood to them for the ideal of all that was fine and sincere in living. There has never been one who has been more to girls, in a helpful way, than has this writer, who surely must have a genuine love for girls in her heart, or she could not so thoroughly enter into their lives with the little troubles and perplexities, their plans and their pleasures, as she does.

But it is not the girls alone for whom she has written. She is the author of several successful novels: "The Gayworthys," which is a most delightful story of country life, of many lives in fact, bound in common interests; "Hitherto," which is as much a character study as a story, and "Odd and Even" being the most prominent and interest-compelling among them. "Sights and Insights" and "Patience Strong's Outings" are a little difficult to

classify; they have a touch of story, a good deal of philosophy, and much humanity in them, and they are helpful and most delightful reading. There are tables holding the books which are the most dearly loved and the most read by the owners, where "Patience Strong" holds a permanent place, along with the Bible and prayer-book, Marcus Aurelius, Emerson, and Whittier. And so, there are those who enjoy an intimate friendship with Mrs. Whitney, even though they have never looked in her face, nor clasped her hand in friendly welcome. And Boston is as proud of her and of her achievement as though she was active in its social literary life.

Art, literature, reform, and philanthropy have alike engaged the attention of Mrs. Ednah Dow Cheney (born Littlehale), of Boston. In her quiet, secluded

home in Jamaica Plain, Mrs. Cheney plans for her beloved hospital, works for the Art and Literature Committee of the New England Woman's Club, keeps abreast of all the educational movements, and writes monographs on art subjects. Hers is a full life, and it numbers in its list of things accomplished some most helpful and far-reaching works of beneficence.

Miss Littlehale was born in Boston on the twenty-seventh of June, 1824, and was educated in the schools of her native city. Quite early in life she was married to Mr. Seth Wells Cheney, an artist. She became, in her early life, intimately associated with the men and women who had made the experiment at Brook Farm, and was active in the transcendental movement which had its centre in Boston, and out of which grew the Radical Club, of

which she was a prominent member. She was also prominently identified with the work for the Freedmen, coming naturally to it from her antislavery antecedents, and her inherent sympathy for any oppressed class. This led her naturally to the woman suffrage movement, with which she has been a worker for years, as well as an officer in the State organisation.

When the New England Woman's Club was formed, she became one of its members, and has been its first vice-president many years, her term of service being of nearly the same length as has Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's in the presidential chair.

She was one of the founders of the New England Hospital for Women and Children, the first hospital of its kind in Boston, and the second in the country, the first being founded in New York by the sisters Blackwell, who had as an associate

a young Prussian doctor, Marie Zakrzewska. This doctor was the prime mover for the hospital, and she found a ready and sympathetic ally in Mrs. Cheney. For years Mrs. Cheney has been president of the Board of the Hospital Managers, and never for an instant has her interest relaxed. She has been also deeply interested in the higher education of women and their professional advancement, and the special room in the Institute of Technology is a memorial to her only daughter, Margaret, who was taken from her in the beauty of budding womanhood.

The Summer School of Philosophy engaged her interest and her activities, and she was one of the regular speakers and instructors during its sessions. She was a friend of the Alcotts and the Emersons, of Elizabeth Peabody and her sisters, Mrs. Horace Mann and Mrs. Hawthorne, of all

that remarkable coterie, in fact, which made Boston so famous in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Her writings have been chiefly on art, but she has written a book of children's stories and a "Life of Margaret Fuller"; but her most famous work, the one by which she will be the longest remembered, is her "Life and Letters of Louisa Alcott."

"A daughter of the Puritans," one would involuntarily exclaim upon seeing Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, with her dark hair smoothly banded over her ears in the old-fashioned way, her plain dress, prim almost to preciseness, and her quaint, straightforward manner. And that is precisely what she is, although there is nothing Puritanical about her, except her appearance and her ancestry. And even her ancestry is Pilgrim instead of Puri-

tan, for her forebears were among those who challenged fate, and sought a home in the unknown new world in the *Mayflower*. "One of the Mortons of Plymouth," that is what she was; Abby Morton, after she had grown up and had children of her own, wrote the most delightfully refreshing children's books, that even the older people read with as much pleasure as the children themselves.

In her early life she was an active worker in the abolition movement, and her girlhood was passed among the noble men and women who were prominent therein. And, like all the rest of the anti-slavery workers, she came naturally into the woman suffrage movement, and has been identified with it for many years.

It was not until after her short married life that she began to write, and her first book was "The William Henry Letters."

These were the letters of a boy at school, written to his people at home, and they were simply delicious in their naturalness. Nothing like them had ever been written; the book was unique, and for many years Mrs. Diaz was kept busy writing children's stories. There is a strain of whimsicality running through everything which she writes that makes fascinating reading. It may not, possibly, as some one has suggested, be literature, but it is essentially human. Mrs. Diaz has a quaint philosophy of her own that shows in her books written for older people, which may, for want of a better description, be called the philosophy of common sense. The basis of it all is the truths which are gained by living.

Since its formation, in the simplest way, of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union by Doctor Harriet Clis-

bee, Mrs. Diaz has been an active worker in it, and its first growth and development, pointing to the power which it was to become, was due to her thought and her work. For many years she was the president of it, and only retired when it became so large, with work in so many directions, that she could not give the time to it; then she yielded the leadership to the executive hands of Mrs. Mary Morton Kehew. Mrs. Diaz has a pleasant home in Belmont, only a little way from Mr. Trowbridge's Arlington residence.

Another woman who belongs to this older group of workers is Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, whose home is in Salem, but whose affiliations are with Boston. She was born in Peekskill, New York, where her father was the editor of a paper, and she was brought up in the atmosphere of literary work. She has written a large

number of books, most of them juveniles, and is still busy with her pen. She was an early member of the New England Woman's Club and of the Woman's Press Association. In her busy life, Mrs. Woods has found time to become prominent in several movements, and her pen and her voice are always at the service of any worthy cause.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CAMBRIDGE SET: CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, PRESIDENT ELIOT, AND OTHER AUTHORS CONNECTED WITH HARVARD UNIVERSITY, WELLESLEY COLLEGE, THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, ETC.

"THE Cambridge set" has been looked on with pride by literary Boston for many years, since the days when Professor Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, and Doctor Holmes were a part of it. Mr. Horace E. Scudder and Professor John Fiske, so recently lost to literature, were for many years connected with the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Harvard University has always furnished

some of our best writers and thinkers. Perhaps the man who best serves to-day to keep alive the atmosphere of soul and beauty that enveloped Longfellow and Lowell and these others is Charles Eliot Norton.

He was born November sixteenth, 1827. He was graduated from Harvard at the age of nineteen. He served as supercargo on a voyage to India in 1849. During the Civil War he edited the papers issued by the Loyal Publication Society, and then, from 1864 to 1868, he was joint editor with James Russell Lowell of the *North American Review.* In 1875 he became the professor of the history of art in Harvard College, and held the position until a few weeks ago, when he resigned it.

He is the gentlest kind of a gentleman; he reminds one of the aged Nestor, out of

whose mouth, tells us the old Latin prose-book, "came speech sweeter than honey."

During his connection with the *North American Review,* Mr. Norton's articles were naturally largely political, but since 1869 they have been pretty limited to belles-lettres. "The 'New Life' of Dante" has appeared in several editions. His translation of the whole "Divine Comedy" came out in 1891 and 1892. Besides this he has written much on Dante; in fact, this is in a way the *leit-motif* of his literary work. Further Dante literature was, in 1865, "The Original Portraits of Dante," and "Dante and the Latest English Translator" in 1866. Recently, in 1896, Mr. Norton contributed an article on Dante for the Child Memorial volume, and he has just published one in the Warner Library. As Mr. Lowell's literary executor, he published "The

Letters of James Russell Lowell," edited by himself.

In 1860 he published "Notes of Travel and Study in Italy." Of this Ruskin says: "My impression is that, by carefully reading it, together with the essay by the same writer on the 'Vita Nuova' of Dante, a more just estimate may be formed of the religious art of Italy than by the study of any other books yet existing." In connection with Mr. Ruskin, another quotation from the "Life of Longfellow" is apposite. Mr. Ruskin wrote to Longfellow: "I had many things to say about the sense I have of the good you might do this old world by staying with us a little, and giving the peaceful glow of your fancy to our cold, troubled, unpeaceful spirit. Strange that both you and Norton come as such calm influences to me and others." The compliment to the

one is the speaking well of the other. The influence of a conservative personality is the more apparent as change and storm rage the worse, just as the seer is the more the Magus as he stands unmoved while others flutter and buzz.

In Longfellow's journal occurs this notice (25th October, 1865): "Lowell, Norton, and myself had the first meeting of our Dante Club. We read the XXV. 'Purgatorio,' and then had a little supper. We are to meet every Wednesday evening at my house." These meetings were kept up throughout the winter, and were the preface to the appearance of Longfellow's translation. Criticisms were passed without fear or favour. The three made a private seminary on Dante without either unseemly wrangling over absurdities, or the German custom of sleepily listening to a Latin harangue, and interspersing it

with "Sanes" like Methodist "Amens." Criticism to a man of a liberal education means the shortest way to the best results; to the unlearned, ignorant man it means a fight of defence to still his own conscience.

Mr. Norton was the first president of the American Institute of Archæology at its beginning in 1879. In the short-lived Harvard *Register* for 1880 appears an appeal from him for students to take part in an expedition of excavation to Greece; a few pages later is an announcement that far too many have applied, and that certain ones have been chosen. Under these auspices begun, the institute has always seen the "raven's flight on the right," and Assos, Sicyon, Thorikos, Eretria, Argos, and Corinth show forth our good deeds in fair Hellas, and the new American school in Rome attests to Ital-

ians our love for lore in their country. A man of work and attainments, of conviction and courage, of dignity and quiet demeanour, of faith and hope, — such is Charles Eliot Norton.

The president of Harvard University is also well known to literature, for, in addition to text-books on higher chemistry, he has published several volumes of essays on topics pertaining to political reform and education. President Eliot has been styled purely a Boston product. He was born here (1834), and, after a preparatory course at the Boston Latin School, entered Harvard, where he was graduated in 1853. Chemistry was his specialty, and he became assistant professor of that branch, with mathematics, in 1858, remaining in that post until 1863, when he went to Europe for further study. He was professor of analytical chemistry in

the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from 1865 to 1869, when he resigned to take the presidency of Harvard College, a position he has filled for thirty-three years. During this time President Eliot has been identified with the highest and worthiest movements for the public good, and he is known and respected in Boston no whit less than in Cambridge, where he has seen the old university broaden and develop under his administration more radically than it had done in a century previous. In the social life of both cities President Eliot and his wife occupy a prominent place, and his picturesque home, just beyond that of Professor Palmer, on the edge of the college grounds facing Quincy Street, and plainly visible to passers on the trolley-cars under the old elms, has been the centre and shelter of

many exclusive gatherings during the last half century.

Quincy Street seems to be the favourite haunt of Cambridge literary folk. Professor Palmer's is the first house, a delightful old colonial mansion overlooking the college grounds. George Herbert Palmer has been Alford professor of moral philosophy, civil polity, and natural religion at Harvard since 1889. He is a native of Boston, a graduate of Harvard University, with a post-graduate course in Germany and a course of study at the Andover Theological Seminary. He has translated the Odyssey into rhythmic prose, and written the "New Education," the "Glory of the Imperfect," "Self-Cultivation in English," and translated the "Antigone" of Sophocles. His last book, "The Field of Ethics," has been widely commented upon and warmly received by

the best critics everywhere. Professor Palmer and his wife, Alice Freeman Palmer, occupy a high place in Cambridge and Boston society, and their home is the pleasant resort of a host of friends.

Next to Professor Palmer's house is that of President Eliot, whose next neighbour beyond is Professor Nathaniel Shaler, dean of the Lawrence Scientific School and professor of geology in Harvard University. Professor Shaler is a native of Kentucky, who served as an officer in the Union army during the Civil War, after which he became instructor in zoology and geology at the Lawrence Scientific School, where he graduated in 1862. As geologist, he has served the United States Government in the Geological Survey of the Atlantic division. He has done a great deal of literary work, having published some fourteen or fifteen books, besides

numerous magazine articles of a scientific nature.

Professor C. C. Langdell, the next in this row of college professors, graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1853, and practised law in New York until 1870, when he became dean of the law faculty of Harvard University. He has written four valuable books connected with the law. A world-famous name is attached to the next house on Quincy Street, this being the residence of Professor Alexander Agassiz, and also of Mrs. Louis Agassiz, his mother, who has written a couple of good books. Professor Agassiz is a son of the great naturalist, and is the curator of the Natural History Museum in Cambridge. He has written several books connected with his special work, in one of which he was assisted by his mother, who is also an accomplished

naturalist and a woman deeply interested in all progressive movements of the day. Here, too, live Professor J. H. Wright and his wife, Mary Tappan Wright, both of whom are well-known writers.

On the opposite side of the street lives Professor Sumichrast, and farther along Professor Farlow, professor of botany at Harvard since 1879, and a prominent authority on cryptogamic botany. Professor Farlow has written several books on botanical subjects, which rank among the best of botanical work.

The name of Barrett Wendell is well known in literature, and, although he is a resident of Marlboro Street, Boston, he belongs to Cambridge, where he is professor of English in Harvard University. He has written two popular novels, several volumes of essays, and various historical books connected with literature.

Professor Taussig, professor of political economy at Harvard, is the author of several books on that subject and editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics.* Albert Bushnell Hart has written a dozen valuable works connected with history, and is joint editor of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* and the *American Historical Review.* He has been professor of history at Harvard for some years.

Professor John Trowbridge is well known as a writer on electricity and physics, and the author of several books on that subject. He has been Rumford professor of applied science at Harvard since 1888.

Professor Arthur Gilman, head of the famous Gilman School for Girls in Cambridge, and the originator of Harvard Annex, of which he was the executive officer when it became Radcliffe College, is the

author of many valuable books, many of them of a popular nature. His wife has also written several books under the name of Marion Vaughn. Professor Gilman lives in a beautiful old mansion facing historic Cambridge Common and almost opposite the old Washington elm.

Two well-known Cambridge names have only recently been removed from the list of authors connected with Harvard College, Mr. Horace Scudder, for so many years editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* and Professor John Fiske, both of whom have been removed by the hand of death within six months.

Mr. Samuel H. Scudder, the naturalist, is still doing much literary work connected with his researches, work that is of the highest value. Professor Ashley of the chair of economic history has written a number of books along the line of his

specialty. Professor Davis has written several geological works, while Professor William J. Rolfe has been famous for many years as a writer and lecturer on Shakespeare. Professor Lyon, of the Harvard Divinity School, one of the most famous authorities on Semitic languages and history in the world, has given us a number of volumes connected with Biblical and Assyrian literature. Of Colonel Higginson's work we have already spoken; for, although he is not of Harvard College, he still belongs to the Cambridge literary set. Professor Williams has written several text-books on the Greek language, of which he is professor at Harvard, while the name of Arthur Searle, professor of astronomy at Harvard, may be seen on the title-page of certain astronomical works. Professor Asa Gray, the world-famed botanist of other days, has given

place at Harvard to George Lincoln Goodale, who has published a number of botanical works. Professor Lanman, the Sanscrit and Oriental professor at Harvard, has a long list of books credited to him on Buddhism and the Sanscrit language. Professor Pickering, who has charge of Harvard Observatory, is the author of certain valuable works on astronomy, and Professor William James is equally well known as an authority on psychological topics. Josiah Royce, professor of the history of philosophy, has written books on a variety of subjects from fiction to religion. Professor Peabody is the author of a number of helpful books on religion, as is also Professor Thayer, who occupies the chair of New Testament criticism and interpretation at the Harvard Divinity School. Professor Münsterberg is the author of a number of

valuable works on psychology, both in German and in English, and his "American Traits" is one of the recent popular books.

Other well-known writers in Cambridge are the Reverend Samuel Crothers, the Reverend Alexander McKenzie, the Reverend William Johnson, and the Reverend William Basil King, formerly of Christ Church.

Wellesley College contributes a number of writers to Boston's literary set, among whom are Miss Katharine Lee Bates, professor of literature and author of many delightful books. The president of Wellesley, Miss Caroline Hazard, has published several books; Professor Katherine Coman is the author of a number of books on English history. Florence Converse, the author of two successful novels, has been connected with Wellesley

College, and Miss Vida Scudder, a niece of Mr. Horace Scudder and a professor at Wellesley, has published a number of interesting and valuable books on literature. The name of Sophie Jewett is familiar to magazine readers. In Wellesley, too, lives Miss Julia Eastman, who has written some delightful children's books.

The president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Henry S. Pritchett, is the author of various scientific papers; Gaetano Lanza, professor of theoretical and applied mechanics at this institution, has also published many books and papers useful to the scientific world. Boston University gives us several well-known writers, and Tufts College contributes a number of names well known to the literary world.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHARLOTTE PORTER AND HELEN ARCHIBALD CLARKE, EDITORS OF POET-LORE, LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY, MAY ALDEN WARD, AND WILLIAM G. WARD

POET-LORE has been an essential part of "Literary Boston" for a dozen years or more, and its two editors are well known in all the literary sets, as well as in the club world. Charlotte Porter, the senior, was born with a decided bent from the earliest for books and for out-of-doors, — her two main enthusiasms ever since. She rightly accounts it good luck that she came into being in a country town, among view-

commanding hills by the swift and sinuous Susquehanna River; and that she came into a sense of life through familiar companionship with the library of several thousand volumes belonging to her father's sister, the aunt for whom she was named.

That library was a beautiful room occupying a large wing of the house and rising to the roof, with galleries along the second story, connecting with the chambers of the body of the house and with stairways from the galleries to the floor of the library, which made it all seem very stately and fascinating. In a wide, deep embrasure at the side, with an arched window of stained glass, shelved on either wall, all the oldest and most valuable volumes were kept, and there the future author and editor liked best to be. There was a complete set of knightly armour there, set up, a hollow iron man which she used to scare

herself with thrillingly, as a little girl, by going up to it, alone, in the twilight, before the lamps were lit. Above it was an American eagle, with wings outspread, on a perch in the high obscurity of the roof, and there was always something significant in the supremacy of that above the mediæval knight before she understood really what it might symbolise. Besides, there was an alcove room off the gallery, where Indian relics were kept, in which her aunt was especially interested, and which were dug up from an old Indian burying-ground at the bend of the river below the town. This little museum gave her the idea of a race banished to give us room, and made a deep impression upon the child, along with that which the oldest books gave her in the embrasure over which the eagle soared. She was free to go at will there as a very little child, be-

cause her wise aunt knew the child was fond of books, and so Charlotte Porter was brought up on black-letter. Her favourite picture-book was a copy of the Nüremburg Chronicles of 1495, one of the first volumes printed by Gutenberg, a history of the world in folio, with the quaintest of wood-cuts.

"The vista, the sense of the long past, and of the universal," says Miss Porter, "it gave my imagination then, no amount of travel and experience I can ever get will ever surpass." Her forebears for many generations were born in Connecticut, where the family had moved on from Danvers, Massachusetts. Her mother was born in Towanda, in the northern part of Pennsylvania, settled from Connecticut, for which Penn had to treat with Connecticut when he desired to make it a part of Pennsylvania; but the grandfather,

one of the earliest settlers, a physician who used to ride through the counties along the "northern tier," with his saddle-bags full of potions and lotions, was also from New England. So she can claim to be in derivation Yankee, born away from home.

Miss Porter read and studied very much as she pleased under the private instruction of a myth and history and poetry-loving teacher who was very congenial; hence, browsing at pleasure in the aunt's library figured largely in her education. She read Shakespeare at ten, and especially remembers a series of books of her father's, called "The English Stage." The only book he ever took away from her was a translation he had of Aristophanes' "Sysistrate," which he found the child reading at a tender age.

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When her father died, her family moved to Philadelphia, and there outdoors was not so enticing, and she wrote more, printing various articles in the *Continent, American,* and *Shakespearian,* all Philadelphia periodicals; also in the *Index* (Boston) and in the *Century.* In March, 1886, after she returned from Europe, she was asked to become editor of *Shakespeariana.* Henceforth editing and incidental review-writing and the like ab-

valuable works on psychology, both in German and in English, and his "American Traits" is one of the recent popular books.

Other well-known writers in Cambridge are the Reverend Samuel Crothers, the Reverend Alexander McKenzie, the Reverend William Johnson, and the Reverend William Basil King, formerly of Christ Church.

Wellesley College contributes a number of writers to Boston's literary set, among whom are Miss Katharine Lee Bates, professor of literature and author of many delightful books. The president of Wellesley, Miss Caroline Hazard, has published several books; Professor Katherine Coman is the author of a number of books on English history. Florence Converse, the author of two successful novels, has been connected with Wellesley

College, and Miss Vida Scudder, a niece of Mr. Horace Scudder and a professor at Wellesley, has published a number of interesting and valuable books on literature. The name of Sophie Jewett is familiar to magazine readers. In Wellesley, too, lives Miss Julia Eastman, who has written some delightful children's books.

The president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Henry S. Pritchett, is the author of various scientific papers; Gaetano Lanza, professor of theoretical and applied mechanics at this institution, has also published many books and papers useful to the scientific world. Boston University gives us several well-known writers, and Tufts College contributes a number of names well known to the literary world.

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sorbed most of her time. She was editor of *Shakespeariana* until the close of 1888, and then became the first editor of what is now the *International Journal of Ethics,* then the *Ethical Record.*

Late in 1888 the idea seized Miss Clarke and Miss Porter of starting a magazine which should be devoted broadly yet purely to exalted world literature — to culture — or "Poet-Lore."

"We had to coin the name to express what we meant," says she; "we planned it, and sent out a prospectus asking for subscriptions from those interested in the idea, and we issued the first number of the magazine January, 1889, inside of two months' time having secured a good list of subscribers in advance of the first issue.

"In April, 1892, we moved *Poet-Lore* and ourselves to Boston, and took up our abode where Boston seemed to us most

picturesquely Boston, — in the heart of the town, close by the common, on the crest of Beacon Hill."

The private work Miss Porter has done is closely shouldered by the succession of books the two young women have been asked to edit, as well as by the critical and editorial and educational work and the translations in which the magazine has involved them, which are revealed in the fourteen yearly volumes of *Poet-Lore.*

Miss Helen Archibald Clarke, her associate since 1888, has an equally interesting history. As a child she was wonderfully proficient in music, not only playing the piano at the age of four, but reading music at sight when she was five. As a little girl, with long golden curls, she played a hymn on the large church organ at Holy Trinity, in Philadelphia, to the delectation of the admiring choir.

She studied with governesses up to thirteen, then went to the private school of Miss Mary Anna Longstreth, and later to her successor, Miss Bart, graduating at the age of seventeen at the head of her class. At school she had an especial predilection for scientific studies, especially in the line of natural philosophy or physics. Her reading during this time included most of the standard novels and science, with discussions on the conflict between science and religion, essays by Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, etc. After leaving school, she took special courses in Latin, literature, French, and German, also a course in physics in the University of Pennsylvania and a course in harmony and composition, graduating in two years.

Then came a good time in society for several years, with the usual round of dances and card-parties, until she grew

tired of it. She played constantly during the time at private musicales, and was regarded as the best amateur pianist in Philadelphia. She composed many songs, piano pieces, part songs, and a sonata for piano and 'cello, which was performed in public; some of these were published, some not, but, in consequence of their compositions, Miss Clarke was made the only woman charter member of the composer class in the Music Manuscript Society, founded a few years ago in Philadelphia. But in spite of the fact that every one said she would devote herself heart and soul to music, and prophesied distinction in that line, Miss Clarke turned her attention, in 1888, to literature in its humbler phases, and began writing essays and critical papers, as has been stated, in 1889. She coöperated with Miss Porter in founding *Poet-Lore*. That she has not given

up music altogether, however, is evidenced by the fact that she has recently composed songs and piano music, and often plays to friends who appreciate classical music. In answer to the question, "What books have influenced you most?" Miss Clarke once said: "Herbert Spencer and John Fiske, Robert Browning and Walt Whitman, and, above all, the music of Beethoven."

Miss Porter and Miss Clarke have edited and compiled several books in collaboration. Among these are "Select Poems of Robert Browning with Biographical and Critical Introductions and Notes," in two volumes; "The Ring and the Book," with introductory essay and notes; "Clever Tales" from the French, Russian, Bohemian, etc.; Robert Browning's Complete Works, Camberwell Edition, in twelve volumes, with critical introductions

for each volume, notes, bibliography, etc.; Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Complete Works, Coxhall Edition, in six volumes, also with critical introductions and notes, etc. Then there are the Browning Study Programmes, Shakespeare Stories, and Macbeth, and they are now busily engaged on the preparation of an edition of Shakespeare constructed in such a way as to put before one at a glance both the original Elizabethan text of 1623 and the modern Victorian text, giving facts enabling one to see readily what three centuries of Shakespeare editing have amounted to. Their translations were the first made in English of Maeterlinck's "The Blind," "The Seven Princesses," and "Pelleas and Melisande." Both of these writers have prepared and read able papers before the Boston Browning So-

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master for some time. She occupies a pleasant, spacious house filled with everything that is lovely to the literary mind, which, of course, means plenty of books. Her devotion to dogs, of which she has a number of fine specimens, is well known, and in all her walks abroad she is accompanied by one or more of her beloved pets.

Miss Guiney was the only child of General P. R. Guiney, of Boston, and was born in 1861. After graduating from a private school in Providence, Rhode Island, she studied under private tutors, and then went abroad for two years. She began to contribute to the leading magazines in 1885, and since then has published several volumes of poetry and of critical essays, besides editing an edition of Matthew Arnold and one or two other authors. Miss Guiney has been in England for two years past, where she is an important ad-

ciety, and both have been connected with it from the beginning.

They live in an apartment in one of the roomy old mansions on Joy Street, just off the historic Boston Common, where, surrounded by a world of books and many fine pictures, they work busily all the hours when they are not browsing in the Public Library or the Athenæum, and the occasional recreation hour, when they welcome and make glad their appreciative friends.

Louise Imogen Guiney, of course, is the poet among Boston women who ranks next to Mrs. Moulton; some even place her above. Miss Guiney has been writing some fifteen years, and, although she is not a prolific worker, perhaps because of that, her verse is exquisitely polished. Miss Guiney lived many years at Auburndale, where she held the office of post-

master for some time. She occupied a pleasant, spacious house filled with everything that is lovely to the literary mind, which, of course, means plenty of books. Her devotion to dogs, of which she has a number of fine specimens, is well known, and in all her walks abroad she is accompanied by one or more of her beloved pets.

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dition to the literary set, and is hard at work on a new book.

Mrs. Emma Endicott Marean, associate editor of the *Christian Register*, has done some excellent literary work, and is a thoroughly literary woman in taste and in work.

Mrs. May Alden Ward, the president of the Massachusetts State Federation of Woman's Clubs and a well-known lecturer on literary topics, has written four excellent books of a scholarly character. Mrs. Ward was born in Ohio, and takes pride in being a direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullin of old Plymouth Colony. She is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University, with two years additional study in Germany. Her husband, William G. Ward, is a professor of English literature in Syracuse University and also at the Emerson College

of Oratory in Boston. He, too, is an author, having written some delightful books on Tennyson and Robert Browning, and also a collection of literary essays and a valuable treatise on "Art for Schools." Professor Ward is a popular lecturer, too, on literary topics, being gifted with eloquence backed up by a thorough scholarly knowledge of his subjects. Mr. and Mrs. Ward live at 281 Dartmouth Street, just off Copley Square, Boston, where their rooms are marked by the distinctly literary atmosphere of the hard-working student. They have one daughter, Helen Alden Ward, a graduate of Radcliffe, who gives promise of the same literary gifts which distinguish both parents.

CHAPTER XIV.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, CHARLES F. DOLE, GEORGE WILLIS COOKE, SAM WALTER FOSS, CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS, AND EDWARD PAYSON JACKSON

THERE was born in Chelsea, a suburb of Boston, on the fifteenth of August, in the year 1852, a boy who was destined to fill no unimportant place in the world of American literature. That boy was Nathan Haskell Dole, and by birth and achievement he has the right to be classed with the writers who make up the literary Boston of the present day.

Mr. Dole is the son of the Reverend

Nathan Dole, a Congregational minister and a man of unusual literary attainments. Mrs. Dole was a Miss Fletcher of Norridgewock, Maine. Mr. and Mrs. Dole gave their son his education in the public schools of Chelsea, and later he went to school in Exeter and Andover. He finally entered Harvard College, with such young men of promise as Paul Dana, Ernest Fenollosa, Charles Penhallow, Richard Dana, and Richard Sears.

Mr. Dole's literary career began with his Harvard days, for, while he was a student at the famous old college, he tuned his lyre, and wrote his first poetry, which appeared in the Boston *Transcript,* that Mecca of the young poets of the past as well as of the present day. Mr. Dole's remuneration for these first flights into the realm of poetry was not large, since his inborn love of music made him ready

to exchange his poems for opera tickets at the office of the *Transcript*. There have, however, been poets whose compensation for their first work has been even less than this, so that Mr. Dole may congratulate himself on having made a very good beginning.

Following the very good example of many college graduates of his day, Mr. Dole began teaching when his college days were done. His first experience as a teacher was at De Veaux College, Niagara Falls. He also taught in the Worcester High School and in the Derby Academy at Hingham, Massachusetts. All this was valuable as experience and as discipline, but, as the young teacher had early decided to enter the pleasant fields of literature, he felt that he had taught quite long enough, and when an opportunity came for him to connect himself with the pub-

lishing house of Estes & Lauriat in Boston, Mr. Dole gladly availed himself of it, and from that time to the present he has been engaged in literary pursuits as a reader of manuscripts, a translator, writer, editor, and literary adviser. While with Estes & Lauriat, Mr. Dole prepared for them Rambaud's "Russia," a work that aroused his interest in Russia to such a degree that he made a most thorough study of that country, and wrote a "Young People's History of Russia," which was his first venture into the field of historical writing.

Mr. Dole then became the literary, musical, and art critic of the Philadelphia *Press,* and later he accepted the position of editor of the New York *Epoch.* Receiving an offer from the publishing house of T. Y. Crowell & Co., to enter their house as a literary adviser, he accepted

the position, and remained with them until the removal of the firm from Boston to New York. Mr. Dole then accepted a position with the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., and, after spending some months in New York, he returned to Boston, where he has become a free lance in the literary world.

Few men of his years have done the vast amount of work Mr. Dole has done, and made all of it of so much literary value. His versatility has been so remarkable that it would seem as if Mr. Dole possessed the happy faculty of being able to "turn his hand" to anything in the way of literary effort. Writing of Mr. Dole's many accomplishments, one of his friends says:

"Dole is a kind of a Mezzofanti. Supplementing his college acquirements, he has picked up one language after another, until he has been able to translate, not

only from Greek and Latin, but from the Russian, German, French, Spanish, Swedish, Bohemian, Italian, Hungarian, and Polish. His passion for Tolstoi is a marked feature of his career. He has made translations of ten of the great apostle's works. 'War and Peace' he was translating at the same time when 'With Fire and Sword' was on the way. Mr. Curtin exchanged greetings with Mr. Dole while the work was going on, and presented to him compliments upon it, which have been very gratifying. His 'Anna Karenina' was another notable bit of translation. People have not forgotten the feat by which Mr. Dole created a version of 'Trilby of Argyle' in a few hours, to meet the edition which another firm was at work in preparing. His book of poems, called 'The Hawthorn Tree,' was quite acceptable. It exhibits powers

of versification, and a great ideality of feeling as well. It is an admirable pocket companion in the country. Mr. Dole has published two novels, which have had a far better than average sale. He has done a good deal of lecturing before schools, university extension associations, and women's clubs. His lectures on Russian literature have been delivered in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and elsewhere. That on 'Originality in Literature and Art' has been most successful."

No mention of Mr. Dole would be complete without reference to his work in connection with Omar Khayyám. Referring to this work, *Time and the Hour* says:

"Though not a pessimist nor altogether approving of the philosophy of Omar, Mr. Dole enjoys the literary quality of his words and works. He has not

surrendered himself to the mental preoccupation of his delicious author, but he is possessed with the dangerous material passion of the collector. His shelves of Omar, not quite complete, are exceedingly interesting and valuable. The *magnum opus,* the two-volume Rubáiyát, published by Page in 1896 for Mr. Dole, leads all the rest. Here the English, French, German, Italian, and Danish versions follow each other, and all the others are discussed with notes, portraits, bibliography, and every kind of illumination and illustration. The portraits, and especially the Persian pictures, are exceedingly important. The book well represents a year's hard labour. His beautiful pocket edition of the Rubáiyát in English and Latin is a charming convenience for the worshipper who carries about the manual for acts of private communion and worship. Mr.

Dole has ready a volume, giving all of Fitzgerald's work for the Persian poet, the three versions, and much illustrative matter."

Mr. Dole has added to his many other literary labours that of editing two libraries of literature. His translations have exceeded those of any other writer in Boston. They include translations of books, poems, and stories from the French, Swedish, Italian, and Hungarian. Mr. Dole was the first American correspondent of Octave Uzanne's monthly bibliographical journal, *Le Livre*. He has done admirable work as a correspondent, and, when in the right vein, he has composed some exceedingly clever humourous poetry. He is a member of the Authors' Club of Boston and also of the Twentieth Century Club, which is perhaps the most important club in the city of Boston.

Mr. Dole's home, "Hedgecote," is a charming place, with all of Boston's great Franklin Park for an outlook and for breathing space. Here he does his work, and here his friends find him at his best.

The Reverend Charles F. Dole, pastor of the Unitarian church at Jamaica Plain and brother of Nathan Haskell Dole, has written several valuable books of an ethical nature, which give evidence of the scholarly mind and catholic nature of one of Boston's finest preachers.

More than one man educated for the ministry, and entering upon the career of a minister, has forsaken the pulpit for the pen, and found in the fields of literature more congenial work, and work for which they were better fitted than the work of the ministry. Mr. George Willis Cooke is one of these men. It is certain that he would have done excellent and val-

uable work as a minister, but his contributions to American literature must have been lessened had he remained in the ministry. We could ill afford to have lost some of the work Mr. Cooke has done. He ranks among our clearest and most progressive thinkers. He is a careful and conscientious writer and a recognised authority along certain lines of thought.

Mr. Cooke is a Westerner by birth, for he first saw the light of day on the twenty-third of April, in the year 1848, in Comstock, Michigan. He received the greater part of his education at Olivet College in Michigan, Jefferson Institute in Wisconsin, and at the Meadville Theological School in Pennsylvania. Having fitted himself for the Unitarian ministry, he has had parishes in Grand Haven, Michigan; Indianapolis, Indiana; and in Lexington, Massachusetts, and Dublin, New Hamp-

shire. Three years ago, Mr. Cooke retired permanently from the ministry, removed to Wakefield, Massachusetts, near Boston, and gave himself up entirely to literary pursuits. He had devoted a great deal of time to writing while in the ministry, having published, in 1881, his book entitled "Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Life, Writings, and Philosophy." Two years later Mr. Cooke published "George Eliot, a Critical Study," and in 1886 his "Poets and Problems" appeared. The next year he published a volume under the unique title of "The Clapboard-Trees Parish, Dedham, Mass." Then came his "Guide-Book to the Poetic and Dramatic Writings of Robert Browning" and "The Spiritual Life." In 1898 Mr. Cooke published "Early Letters of George William Curtis to John S. Dwight" and also the "Biography of John S. Dwight." His

latest contribution to the world of books has been a "History of Unitarianism in America."

It will be seen from the above long and varied list of books that Mr. Cooke has been a busy man and a close student. His work is characterised by the most painstaking effort, and it forms valuable additions to our American literature.

In addition to the many books he has written and to the important work he has done as a minister, Mr. Cooke has been a frequent contributor to papers and magazines, and he is now a regular editorial contributor to the Boston *Transcript,* a paper to which he has contributed many articles dealing with problems of the day. He is a forcible and convincing editorial writer, and one who has added not a little to Boston's literary prestige.

The Reverend George Gordon, of the

Old South Church; Reverend Samuel Herrick, of the Mount Vernon Church; Reverend Edward Cummings, who has succeeded to Doctor Hale's pulpit; Reverend Edward L. Clark, of the Central Congregational Church; Reverend Edward A. Horton, and Doctor E. Winchester Donald, the successor of Phillips Brooks, are some other Boston clergymen who have made valuable contributions to literature.

There are many poems in our language that would not pass muster if viewed purely as literary productions, but which have appealed to the hearts of hundreds of readers as many classical poems could not appeal to them. They are the poems of childhood, of boyhood, of days on the old farm, and of rural associations. They are the poems that men cut from newspapers and slip into their pockets, because

something in the homely rhymes has carried them back to other scenes and other days. They appeal to that which is best in the human heart, and they give men better and kindlier views of life. From the New Hampshire hills there came to Boston, some years ago, a writer of poems that carried many a man back in imagination to the hills and valleys of his boyhood home. This writer was Sam Walter Foss, the genial author of so many poems of New England life. Born in Candia, New Hampshire, in the year 1858, Mr. Foss spent his boyhood days in that best and happiest of environment for any boy, a farm. But one need not be told that Sam Walter Foss was reared on a farm. His poems give abundant proof of this fact. None but a farm-bred boy could write as Mr. Foss writes of rural scenes and people.

After receiving a rural school education, Mr. Foss went to the high school in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in the year 1877. He continued his studies at Brown University, from which institution he was graduated in 1882, his poetical talent having already become so manifest that he was made class poet.

After his graduation Mr. Foss entered upon the career of a journalist, and he became editor of the Lynn *Saturday Union,* a position he filled for some years, until he came to Boston to accept the position of editor of that once popular periodical, *The Yankee Blade,* a paper in which the first work of more than one successful writer has appeared. Mr. Foss held the position of editor of *The Yankee Blade* for eight years, and for the next three years he was a free lance, contributing to many magazines and papers.

In 1895 Mr. Foss became librarian of the Somerville Public Library, a position of unusual trust and importance, the Somerville library being one of the largest and best in any of the suburbs of Boston. Mr. Foss finds himself quite at home in the bookish atmosphere of his new position, his only regret being that his duties absorb so much of his time that there is little left for the literary work he would like to do, and that many admirers of his poems wish that he might do.

Mr. Foss has published four volumes of poems, under the titles of "Whiffs from Wild Meadows," "Dreams in Homespun," "Songs of War and Peace," and "Back Country Poems." All of these volumes of poems by Mr. Foss have met with great favour, and they have been timely additions to the poetry of New England life. There is a delightful qual-

ity of freshness and kindliness of feeling in the work of Mr. Foss, and one is quite sure that his poems are the expression of a true heart. They "ring true," and one finds one's heart warming toward the author after reading some of his verses. Mr. Foss has been very successful in the writing of serious poetry, and he often strikes a very high note in his patriotic verse; but, when all is said, his friends enjoy none of his work quite so much as that in which he gives them real "whiffs from wild meadows," from clover fields, from old orchards, and running brooks. Mr. Foss is in his happiest vein when he is writing of these things, for which the city dweller longs as the sailor longs for the salt air and the roar of the sea.

Writers of German dialect have been few in America, which is to be regretted, since the peculiarities of our German

friends offer opportunities for much good-natured, humourous writing. Among the few American writers who have essayed the writing of German dialect, none have attained a higher degree of success than Mr. Charles Follen Adams, so well known to the reading public as "Yawcob Strauss." Mr. Adams was born in the Dorchester suburb of Boston in the year 1842, and all of his life has been spent in Boston and in its suburbs. He is one of our American writers who have attained a very creditable degree of success without the advantages of a college education. Indeed, it became necessary for him to leave the public schools when he was but fifteen years of age, and enter a store in Boston. Five years later Mr. Adams enlisted in the Thirteenth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, in response to the special and urgent call for

recruits issued by Governor Andrew. The young volunteer saw active service in the great battles of Bull Run, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, and he was among the boys in blue wounded at Gettysburg in 1863. He was held as a prisoner until the Federal troops again took possession of the town, when he was taken to the hospital in New York. On his recovery, Mr. Adams became ward-master in the convalescent hospital in Washington, retaining this position until the close of the war.

It was in the year 1872 that Mr. Adams sent into the world his first German dialect poem, that was to be the forerunner of many similar poems to give pleasure to so many readers. This first venture was entitled "The Puzzled Dutchman," and it appeared in *Our Young Folks,* an excellent publication for young people,

and one that in later years became merged into *St. Nicholas.* This first dialect poem by the genial "Yawcob Strauss" attracted a great deal of attention by reason of its quaint humour and the fact that the author had entered an almost unknown field of dialect writing. "The Puzzled Dutchman" was widely copied, and there came to Mr. Adams requests for other poems in a similar vein, and his poems began to appear in different periodicals.

In June, of the year 1876, Mr. Adams's most popular poem, entitled "Leedle Yawcob Strauss," was published in the Detroit *Free Press,* which was then beginning its career as one of the brightest and best humourous papers in the United States. Mr. Adams became a regular contributor to the *Free Press,* and nearly all of his poems written after the year 1876 have appeared in that paper, which soon be-

came one of the most widely quoted newspapers in America.

Mr. Adams has not confined himself entirely to poetry, many of his contributions to the *Free Press* having been written in prose, but he is never quite so happy and felicitous in expression as when he confines himself to rhyme. His humour is of the helpful and wholesome kind that warms the heart. Referring to his work, Mr. Adams says: "I do not depend in my work wholly upon the grotesqueness and incongruity of dialect, for my aim is to write a more or less cheerful philosophy of life as I see it. I never force myself to write merely for the sake of writing, and it is only when I have that which seems to me a happy thought which lends itself to expression in my way, that I write, no matter how strong the inducement to do so may be. I might write

a poem next week, and not write another for an entire year."

Mr. Adams has published two volumes of his poems, and they may be regarded as among the best illustrations of humourous German dialect in our American literature.

Mr. Edward Payson Jackson has written many poems and a number of successful books, among which are "Character Building" and "A Demigod." He is a resident of Dorchester, where he is vice-president of the Colonial Club and editor of *The Bohemian*. He is also president of the famous Chickatawbut Club of Boston; and in addition to all his other work he writes many stories, essays, and poems for many periodicals. Mr. Jackson was born in Erzeroum, Turkey, March fifteenth, 1840. His parents were American missionaries in Turkey. Edward came

to the United States in 1845, and was graduated in 1863 at Amherst, where he was poet of his class. During the Civil War he served in the Forty-fifth and Fifth Regiments, Massachusetts Volunteers. Since 1877 Mr. Jackson has been master in the Boston Latin School. He has published "Mathematical Geography" and "The Earth in Space." Mr. Jackson's life has been one of aspiration and achievement. He was graduated with honour from his college; he entered the union army as a private, and was promoted to a lieutenancy. His novel, "A Demigod," was published anonymously, and was variously attributed to other noted novelists. In 1889 the American Secular Union offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best essay adapted to aid in the instruction of youth in the purest principles of morality, without inculcat-

ing religious doctrine, and in 1891 this prize was equally divided between Mr. Jackson, for a work entitled "Character Building: A Master's Talks with His Pupils," and Nicholas P. Gilman, for a work entitled "The Laws of Daily Conduct."

CHAPTER XV.

J. L. HARBOUR, JAMES BUCKHAM, OSCAR FAY ADAMS, ASHTON R. WILLARD, CHARLES FELTON PIDGIN, AND WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

THE man who adds to the gift of telling a story well an unbounded capacity for seeing and setting forth the funny side of life is sure to create a special niche of popularity for himself. This is the reason that the name J. L. Harbour has so wide a recognition, and that his stories are not only eagerly read, but are repeated in the home circle, at after-dinner tables, and on the elocutionist's platform. Mr. Harbour has a

wonderful stock of cheerfulness, backed up by an unusually keen sense of the ridiculous, qualities which make him, not only an excellent companion, but which won almost instant recognition when he began to write.

Mr. Harbour was born forty-five years ago, in Oskaloosa, Iowa, and was brought up on a farm, where he laid the foundations of that robust health and untiring perseverance which have, perhaps, been his best friends in literary work. While he was a boy, working on the farm, he became imbued with a desire to write stories, and his earliest efforts were sent to the *Youth's Companion* when Hezekiah Butterworth was its editor-in-chief. Crude as these stories were, Mr. Butterworth recognised in them the ability of genius, and, although he did not accept the proffered manuscript, he took time from his

own crowded hours to write encouraging words to the aspiring Iowa youth. Perhaps no editor in the world has done more to bring out young authors, and to recognise literary ability in the rough, than Hezekiah Butterworth; and where the average editor would return such manuscripts with the usual formula, more or less politely worded, Mr. Butterworth has given hours upon hours of time, that represented distinct money value to himself, to the encouragement and assistance of venturesome young writers. Mr. Harbour has certainly justified all expectations, for, in addition to a juvenile book, he has written over six hundred short stories, the majority of them for the *Youth's Companion.* He first took Mr. Greeley's advice and went West, where he taught school in Leadville, Colorado, later drifting to Denver, and becoming connected

with a daily paper. After a few years of newspaper life, Mr. Harbour had won such gratifying recognition in the East that he received two flattering offers on the same day to become connected with Eastern papers. The *Outlook*, of New York, and the *Youth's Companion* were both eager to secure him, and he decided at once upon the latter. That he made no mistake in his choice is evident from the fact that he has remained on the editorial force of the *Youth's Companion* for more than fifteen years. He has also written largely for the Detroit *Free Press* and for New York papers, his work being in such demand that he seldom beholds in these days one of those beautifully worded and printed circulars, meant by kind-hearted editors to mitigate the woe of an author who sees his literary wares coming back to him from their ambitious

flights. Mr. Harbour is married, and has a beautiful home on Mount Bowdoin, Dorchester, where three unusually promising boys and a beautiful girl are fast coming up into young manhood and womanhood.

Mr. Harbour has recently entered the lecture field with gratifying success, his keen sense of the ridiculous making his talk on "Blessed Be Humour" greatly in demand. It is related that, in response to a call from Waterville, Maine, Mr. Harbour gave this talk, which teems with witty anecdotes and laughter-provoking reminiscences. On the platform with Mr. Harbour sat the president of Colby University, and after the lecture was over he told this story:

"In the audience sat a man whom I have watched at public gatherings for many years, and had never yet seen a

smile on his countenance. I had often wondered if any power on earth could make him laugh, and when I saw that the lecture was rich in funny stories, I determined to watch that particular man. He sat like a graven image through the first half of the talk, and I had become convinced that laughter was an impossibility to him, when Mr. Harbour told a story which completely convulsed the audience. Then the icy reserve which I had noted for so many years gave way, the flood-gates opened, and a tide of laughter convulsed the man. He shook with uncontrollable mirth all the rest of the evening. Mr. Harbour had done what had not been accomplished before in years, — he had made that man laugh."

Several other men on the *Youth's Companion* have written books, the managing editor, Edward Stanwood, being an author

of some note. Arthur Stanwood Pier, one of the assistant editors, has written "The Pedagogues" and "A Sentimentalist," both novels enjoying a decided popularity. Walter Leon Sawyer, another assistant editor of the *Companion,* has written two or three books in addition to his regular work.

It would be strange if so scholarly a man as the president of Vermont University should not contribute at least one son to literature; and this he has done by giving to Boston his oldest one, James Buckham, who was born at Burlington in 1858. He grew up in a literary atmosphere, and enjoyed the best society of that good old college town until his graduation from Vermont University in 1881, when he took post-graduate courses at Johns Hopkins, following a period of study at Andover Theological Seminary. His early

ministerial ambitions, however, gave way to a decided talent for literature when his poems began to be accepted by the leading periodicals, and he came to Boston in the eighties, becoming connected for a time with the *Youth's Companion,* and contributing much to magazines and other periodicals. He has had published a volume of verse, "The Heart of Life," which has been very well received both by critics and the purchasing public, and another collection of poems is well on its way. Mr. Buckham married a beautiful daughter of Vermont, and they have a charming home in Melrose, where Mr. Buckham works every day in a cosy den, facing on one side a pine grove and on the other a great ledge of rocks, which keep in mind the rugged strength of his native Vermont hills.

Another young poet in Boston, of whom

excellent things are predicted, is Frederic Lawrence Knowles, who has acted as literary adviser of several publishing houses, and has held an editorial position on the *Atlantic Monthly* for a time. His first volume of original verse, "On Life's Stairway," has been warmly received, and "A Kipling Primer" had quite a vogue in America and was republished in England.

Although not so famous as his brother, Paul Leicester Ford, Worthington C. Ford, the economist and statistician, has made a name for himself as a writer of books on historical and political subjects. Mr. Ford is connected with the Boston Public Library, and lives with his wife in a delightful Boston home.

One of the most important and interesting contributions to the biographical books of recent years was the work of a

Boston writer, Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, to whom the literary world is indebted for his book, "The Story of Jane Austen's Life." Jane Austen never had a warmer admirer of her work than Mr. Adams has been, and his account of her life gives evidence of his keen insight into the character of Jane Austen, and of his appreciation of her work. When "The Story of Jane Austen's Life" came out, it at once made still more secure the reputation Mr. Adams had made for himself as a careful and accomplished writer. Mr. Adams had already published a number of books of special value and interest, among them being his "Hand-Book of American Authors," "Through the Year with the Poets," "Post-Laureate Idyls," "Dear Old Story-Tellers," and "The Poet's Year." He had also edited "Through the Year with the Poets" in twelve vol-

umes, and had done a great deal of exceptionally good miscellaneous writing. Entering the field of fiction, Mr. Adams has done excellent work in his book, "The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment, and Other Stories," a volume that has caused his friends to wish that Mr. Adams would give more time to the writing of stories. "The Presumption of Sex" must also be added to the list of books this industrious and versatile writer has produced. He has also edited a large number of books, among them being "The Henry Irving Shakespeare."

Mr. Adams is a New Englander by birth, the first years of his life having been spent in Worcester, and a part of his education having been received in the public and private schools of Worcester and at the Leicester Academy. He is a graduate of the New Jersey State Normal School,

and has added to his education by a wide range of critical study and reading. This is apparent in his work. His home has for some years been in Boston, where he is a member of the Authors' Club and of several other organisations, having for their object an increase of good-fellowship among literary workers. Mr. Adams has added lecturing to the work of writing, his lectures on literature and architecture having been received with the favour accorded his books.

One of the newcomers to the ranks of the writers in the literary Boston of to-day is Mr. Ashton Rollins Willard, of Vermont. Mr. Willard is a native of Montpelier, Vermont, and he has taken up his permanent residence in Boston, having recently purchased a house on Commonwealth Avenue. He has travelled much abroad, and his home is a veritable

treasure-house of works of art, in the way of paintings, carvings, tapestries, and bric-à-brac from foreign lands. One would know that the artistic temperament predominated in Mr. Willard the moment one entered his home, and one is not surprised to know that Mr. Willard is the author of two valuable books relating to art. One of these books is "History of Modern Italian Art" and the other is "Life and Work of Painter Domenico Morelli."

In addition to these books Mr. Willard has been a frequent contributor to various art periodicals, and he is recognised as an authority in matters pertaining to art. Mrs. Willard is a daughter of Governor Horace Fairbanks, of Vermont, and the home of the Willards is already noted for its refined and kindly hospitality.

Mr. Charles Felton Pidgin, the author

of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," a story of New England life, "Blennerhassett," an historical novel which deals with events in the career of Aaron Burr, and "Stephen Holton," takes his literary work as a sort of recreation in the intervals of his real work in the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labour, where he is the chief clerk. He was appointed to the position, in 1876, by Colonel Carroll D. Wright, having for three years previously been secretary of the Bureau.

During his connection with the Bureau, his attention has been largely devoted to the invention of machines for the mechanical tabulation of statistics. These machines were invented to improve the efficiency of the office, but he has never asked nor received any compensation from the State for them. The census of 1875 was tabulated upon a series of self-count-

ing tally-sheets, devised by him. In 1882 he first introduced an adding machine in census work, and in 1883 he invented the electrical adding and multiplying machine, which has been in constant use in the Bureau up to the present time. The State census of 1885 was the first in which punched cards were ever used, and a special machine was invented for their tabulation. His leisure time has been devoted to literary pursuits. He has written the words of many of the popular songs, the libretto of a cantata, and two comic operas, has contributed stories and poems to the magazines, and special articles to the newspapers, has written several musical comedies, and the three novels already mentioned.

Besides this, during the twenty-eight years in which he has been engaged in statistical work, he has written many

articles for the press upon statistical subjects, and in 1888 published the only work of its kind ever written, entitled "Practical Statistics, or the Statistician at Work." In addition to this tremendous amount of work, he has lectured upon statistical subjects before the American Statistical Association, the Institute of Technology, and many scientific societies.

Mr. Pidgin was born in Roxbury on the eleventh of November, 1844, and obtained his education in the Boston public schools.

When a man, still young, has to his credit a list of thirty-five books written by himself, it is convincing proof of great industry and singleness of purpose. Mr. Willis Boyd Allen might say of his book-writing: "This one thing I do." Eschewing society and all else that wastes time without profit, Mr. Allen has for years devoted himself with untiring devotion to

the writing of his books, most of which have been designed for young readers. Many boys and girls have found pleasure in Mr. Allen's work, which appeals to the young, because the author has put into his work so much of the memory of his own boyhood, and because his sympathies are evidently with the young. It is certain that Mr. Allen has lived over his own childhood in the writing of his books, and he has fancied himself a boy with the boys about whom he writes.

Mr. Allen was born at Kittery Point, Maine, on the ninth of July, in the year 1855. He is the only son of the late Stillman B. Allen, one of Boston's most noted lawyers and a man prominent in many things having for their ultimate object the growing good of the world. His son, Willis, graduated from Harvard College in the year 1878, and has been engaged

in literary work since that time. He has done some editorial work, but in recent years his time has been given entirely to the writing of books, when he was not travelling. Mr. Allen has had unusual opportunities of travel, having been abroad several times, and having visited about every part of his native land. He has explored Alaska, where he found the material for one of his most popular books, entitled "The Red Mountain of Alaska." His "Pine Cones" series of books has delighted many young readers, who have also found great pleasure in reading his "Navy Blue," "Silver Rags," and "The Mammoth Hunters." His book of verse entitled "In the Morning" has in it some charming lines. Mr. Allen has written a great many short stories and poems for magazines and periodicals, but he is never more successful than when he is writing

for the young. His stories are told in a delightfully unaffected way, and they are, moreover, safe books for young readers. So many unsafe books for the young are being written in the present day that a man who can write such safe and at the same time such entertaining books as those written by Mr. Willis Boyd Allen is doing good service for the youth of the land, and making valuable and needful contributions to our American literature.

Mr. Allen's home is noted as one of the most delightfully hospitable homes in the city of Boston, and few homes in the city have received as guests so many men and women prominent in the literary, musical, artistic, educational, and philanthropic world. Mr. Allen is unmarried, and his mother and sister are the hostesses of the home in which many young writers unknown to fame have received a kindly and

cordial welcome that has warmed their hearts, and they have taken away memories that have cheered and stimulated them for days to come.

CHAPTER XVI.

KATE SANBORN, ALICE FREEMAN PALMER, MARY E. BLAKE, SOPHIE SWETT, FLORENCE CONVERSE, ANNA FARQUHAR, LILIAN WHITING, AND KATHARINE E. CONWAY

IT is worth much to have contributed to the world books that have cheered and brightened the lives of those who have read them, books that have added to the needed cheerfulness of the world, and that have helped men and women to fight the battle of life with lighter hearts. Miss Kate Sanborn has done this, not only in her books, but in her lecturing days, when she was one of the most pop-

ular women speakers on the American lecture platform. The bracing and uplifting gospel of good cheer is the gospel Miss Sanborn has been preaching for many years, and it is this that has made her life one of helpfulness to others. Cheerfulness, combined with an unfailing sense of humour, have been predominant characteristics of all of Miss Sanborn's work. She would have her readers laugh more heartily that they may live more happily. She has brought to her work a clear insight into the foibles of human natures, combined with so much kindly sympathy and forbearance, that her sharpest thrusts leave very little sting. She has demonstrated the fact that women have both wit and humour, and that they know how to use both to advantage. Miss Sanborn's windows have always been "open toward Jerusalem." Her outlook

on life has been serene and kindly, and good humour and magnanimity are to be found in all of her books.

Miss Sanborn is of New England birth, having been born in Hanover, New Hampshire, in July of the year 1839. Her father was Edwin D. Sanborn, one of the best known professors of Dartmouth College, and her great-grandfather on her mother's side was Ezekiel Webster, a brother of Daniel Webster. Miss Sanborn was but eleven years of age when she earned her first money with her pen, and from her seventeenth year she was able to support herself. When still a young girl, Miss Sanborn combined her literary work with teaching, and she became a teacher in Mary Institute in St. Louis. Later she became a teacher in a day school in her native town of Hanover, and from here she went to Brooklyn, New

York, to become a teacher of elocution in Packer Institute. Her most important work as a teacher was done, however, during the five or six years that she held the position of professor of literature in Smith College.

Later in life Miss Sanborn relinquished the work of teaching, that she might give her time entirely to writing and to lecturing. Her lectures comprised a great variety of topics, all of which she presented in a way that gave great pleasures to large audiences in nearly every large town and city in the East. Her lectures, entitled "Are Women Witty?" "Christopher North and His Friends," and "Our Early Newspaper Wits," were particularly popular, and there was general regret when Miss Sanborn left the lecture platform for the more restful and congenial work of writing books, literary re-

views, and a variety of miscellaneous works.

Miss Sanborn's books include "Home Pictures of English Poets," "Vanity and Insanity," "Shadows of Genius," "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," "Abandoning an Adopted Farm," "The Wit of Women," "Favourite Lectures," "Round Table Series of Literary Lessons," "A Truthful Woman in Southern California," "My Literary Zoo," "Purple and Gold," and "Grandmother's Garden," "Sunshine Calendar," "Rainbow Calendar," "Starlight Calendar," and others.

Miss Sanborn has demonstrated the fact that it is possible for a woman to combine a literary with a practical turn of mind. She is herself a woman of affairs, having for some years carried forward with gratifying success a large farm, on which she

now lives, in Metcalf, about thirty miles from Boston.

Her exceedingly popular book, "Adopting an Abandoned Farm," is the story of Miss Sanborn's experiment in taking an old New England farm and restoring it to its original fertility and usefulness. The story of how this was done overflows with the author's irrepressible humour, even her failures affording her great amusement. A few years ago Miss Sanborn "abandoned" the farm she had "adopted," and purchased a farm quite near the one on which she had been living. This gave rise to her merry book, "Abandoning an Adopted Farm," which, in point of drollery and cleverness, quite equals any of Miss Sanborn's other books.

Miss Sanborn's hospitality is proverbial, and it suggests Washington Irving's lines: "There is an emanation from the

heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease."

It is this delightful kind of hospitality that characterises the quaint and charming home of Miss Sanborn at "Breezy Meadows," which is the fanciful and appropriate name Miss Sanborn has given to her farm. Here one finds that good cheer and open-handed hospitality that has departed from too many of our modern American homes. The farmhouse, almost if not really a century old, has been transformed into the most restful and comfortable of homes, "Don't Worry" being the motto of the house. Here, with her books almost without number, her periodicals of all kinds, her dogs, house plants, easy-chairs, open fires, and her chosen friends to visit her, lives one of our most popular and most successful authors, whose chief

delight is in sharing her success and her pleasures with others. Here Miss Sanborn has entertained many distinguished men and women; here she has given encouragement and help to many struggling young writers, and her warmest welcome has often been for those in the humble walks of life.

While Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer undoubtedly belongs rather to the educational fraternity than to the purely literary, she is, nevertheless, by virtue of her valuable monographs on education, on college work for girls, and other matter, an honoured member of the band which makes the literary Boston of to-day.

Alice Freeman was born in 1855 in southern New York, where she remained until she was sixteen years of age. She was a bright, active child, giving early promise of her future brilliancy, loving

learning for learning's sake, and determined to have a thorough education. She was a sunny, happy child, loving out-of-door life, and entering into all childish good times with the same energy and enthusiasm that she showed for her books. Her father was a physician, and he kept a sharp lookout over this active little girl, taking good care that her brain did not get the upper hand of her body and overcome it; and her wise mother carried out all the father's ideas, so that between the two she came up to young woman's estate with a well-balanced mind, a healthful body, and a fund of common sensible ideas regarding life that have stood her in good stead. This early training of her own has helped her very much in her intercourse with girls, and has taught her wisdom in her management of them.

At sixteen she was ready for college.

But not so many were open to women as there are now, notwithstanding it is but so comparatively short a time ago. Vassar had just made a beginning, but neither Smith nor Wellesley were thought of, and Radcliffe had no existence, even in the wildest dream. The Western colleges, which seemed to be the first to catch the spirit of the hour and to recognise and comprehend the full meaning of the educational movement, had hospitably opened their doors and bade young women welcome.

Among these colleges, which thus early showed the generous spirit, was Michigan University, and thither Alice Freeman went, becoming a freshman before she had attained her seventeenth birthday. The going away of the young daughter of the house proved the signal for the entire family to go, too. None of them

liked the separation, so a new home was made in Michigan near the young student. At that time Miss Freeman looked forward to a permanent home in the West, and to the teacher's career for herself. She made a signal success as a student, and graduated as A. B. with honours in 1876, before her twentieth birthday.

She entered at once upon her chosen profession, beginning her work by teaching the classics in the Geneva Lake Seminary in Wisconsin, studying in the meanwhile for the degree of M. A., which she took at Michigan University in the summer of 1877. The faculty wished that she should be identified in her teaching with the university, so she decided not to return to the school where she had been engaged during the previous year, but went instead to Saginaw, Michigan,

where she devoted herself to fitting students for the university.

In the meantime Wellesley had been built and opened, in 1875, and in 1879 Miss Freeman was elected professor of history in the new college. Here was a complete revolution of all her plans. She had thought to stay in the West, and it seemed hard to go so far away.

But here was a work which sadly needed workers, and the best ones, too; and this work in a girls' college appealed strongly to the young teacher. She had, even then, so identified herself with the work of the higher education for young women that she greeted every advance step with a personal delight. So it is little wonder that the autumn of 1879, three years from her graduation, found her occupying the chair of history at Wellesley.

She had hardly entered the college be-

fore her influence was felt; she gave a new impetus to the work, and all the girls who came under her instruction imbibed her ideas regarding the college life and work. So well did she fulfil her duties, in fact, that in June, 1882, just ten years from the time she entered Michigan University, a girl of sixteen, she was president of Wellesley College. The standard was at once raised, and the years in which Alice Freeman stood at the head saw a growth and development that was amazing. It was not long before the college took university rank, and was always mentioned in the list of first-class educational institutions.

In June, 1883, just one year after her election to the presidency of the college, Michigan University conferred upon her the degree of Ph. D., and in 1887 Columbia University honoured itself by giving

her the degree of Litt. D. The loss to Wellesley, occasioned by Miss Freeman's resignation in January, 1888, to become the wife of Professor G. H. Palmer, of Harvard University, was regretted by every one connected with the college.

Since that time she has been busy with voice and pen, and the home in the college green at Harvard is the resort of the literary men and women of Cambridge, who also belong to the literary Boston of to-day.

Since her marriage Mrs. Palmer has been much in Europe, and she has made a study of the opportunities and methods of education, especially for girls, in the older countries, coming back to her own, glad in the superior advantages which the girl of America finds. She is extremely practical in her ideas, is not carried away by theory, and applies the test of common sense to every question which comes to her

to solve. She is calm and dispassionate in judgment, executive in methods, and safe in her conclusions, altogether a large-minded, all-around woman, whom it is a delight to honour. She is a valued member of the Boston Authors' Club, and, although extremely modest about her literary work, she wields the pen as well as she does everything else.

One of the first of the books treating of modern Mexico was that written by Mary E. Blake in collaboration with Margaret Sullivan, giving us delightful pictures, "Mexico, Picturesque and Political." A dozen books are credited to Mrs. Blake, five of which are volumes of verse. Mrs. Blake's name is often seen in popular periodicals on the title-page, and her critical essays show a wide scholarship, combined with a keen perception of the values of things in general. Mrs.

Blake was born in Ireland in 1840, but came to Massachusetts while a child, and was educated here. She married Doctor John G. Blake, a noted specialist of Boston, and is the proud mother of five sons, all graduates of Harvard, and a daughter who has a Radcliffe A. B. added to her name. The Blakes live in a beautiful home on Beacon Street, and mix with the best literary sets of the old Puritan town.

Young people everywhere adore the name of Sophie Swett. Few literary people, even in Boston, are aware that this is the real name of a lady who lives at Arlington Heights, and is in and out of the city with the frequency of any ordinary suburban dweller. With her lives her sister, Susan Hartley Swett, who is also well known as a writer for the leading magazines, and the author of at least one successful book. The sisters were

born in Brewer, Maine, but educated in public and private schools in Boston. Sophie Swett was for a time associate editor of *Wide Awake,* when Mr. Elbridge Brooks was editor-in-chief. The child of to-day, who has not read some one or more of Sophie Swett's round dozen of excellent juvenile stories, is rare indeed.

The work of Denison House, in Boston, a college settlement on Tyler Street, is familiar to all who are interested in the problems of social reform. For four years Denison House has been the home of Florence Converse, a name that is beginning to be known in literature. She was born in New Orleans in 1871, and graduated at Wellesley in 1893. Miss Converse has been on the editorial staff of the *Churchman* since January, 1900, and is the author of two successful novels, "Diana Victrix" and "The Burden of Chris-

topher," both of which have enjoyed considerable of a popularity.

When "Her Boston Experiences" was first published in book form, it created a good deal of a sensation, and the authorship was attributed to various prominent writers. The woman who actually wrote it, however, was a Boston journalist connected with the *National Magazine,* and more or less well known in Boston as Anna Farquhar. Miss Farquhar was born in Indiana, educated in Maryland, studied music in New York and in England, and then came to settle in Boston, where she married a talented journalist, Ralph Bergengren. "Her Boston Experiences" was by no means her first book, for she had already published "A Singer's Heart," the "Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Officer's Wife," and "The Professor's Daughter," all of which have been

well received. It was the frank and trenchant comment on actual Boston life, and the evident knowledge of it, that made "Her Boston Experiences" such a success. A broader knowledge of history, however, and a deeper knowledge of the world are evinced in her latest book, "The Devil's Plough." Mrs. Bergengren is an uncommonly handsome woman of the English type, a brilliant conversationalist, a keen thinker, and a hard worker. In fact, she is so devoted to her literary labours that she goes into society but little, her one ambition being to perfect herself in her art.

If one were to ask what was the underlying secret of Lilian Whiting's success in her chosen profession of letters, the question could best be answered in her own words:

"The journalist is the sower, and the

where she devoted herself to fitting students for the university.

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She had hardly entered the college be-

fore her influence was felt; she gave a new impetus to the work, and all the girls who came under her instruction imbibed her ideas regarding the college life and work. So well did she fulfil her duties, in fact, that in June, 1882, just ten years from the time she entered Michigan University, a girl of sixteen, she was president of Wellesley College. The standard was at once raised, and the years in which Alice Freeman stood at the head saw a growth and development that was amazing. It was not long before the college took university rank, and was always mentioned in the list of first-class educational institutions.

In June, 1883, just one year after her election to the presidency of the college, Michigan University conferred upon her the degree of Ph. D., and in 1887 Columbia University honoured itself by giving

her the degree of Litt. D. The loss to Wellesley, occasioned by Miss Freeman's resignation in January, 1888, to become the wife of Professor G. H. Palmer, of Harvard University, was regretted by every one connected with the college.

Since that time she has been busy with voice and pen, and the home in the college green at Harvard is the resort of the literary men and women of Cambridge, who also belong to the literary Boston of to-day.

Since her marriage Mrs. Palmer has been much in Europe, and she has made a study of the opportunities and methods of education, especially for girls, in the older countries, coming back to her own, glad in the superior advantages which the girl of America finds. She is extremely practical in her ideas, is not carried away by theory, and applies the test of common sense to every question which comes to her

to solve. She is calm and dispassionate in judgment, executive in methods, and safe in her conclusions, altogether a large-minded, all-around woman, whom it is a delight to honour. She is a valued member of the Boston Authors' Club, and, although extremely modest about her literary work, she wields the pen as well as she does everything else.

One of the first of the books treating of modern Mexico was that written by Mary E. Blake in collaboration with Margaret Sullivan, giving us delightful pictures, "Mexico, Picturesque and Political." A dozen books are credited to Mrs. Blake, five of which are volumes of verse. Mrs. Blake's name is often seen in popular periodicals on the title-page, and her critical essays show a wide scholarship, combined with a keen perception of the values of things in general. Mrs.

Blake was born in Ireland in 1840, but came to Massachusetts while a child, and was educated here. She married Doctor John G. Blake, a noted specialist of Boston, and is the proud mother of five sons, all graduates of Harvard, and a daughter who has a Radcliffe A. B. added to her name. The Blakes live in a beautiful home on Beacon Street, and mix with the best literary sets of the old Puritan town.

Young people everywhere adore the name of Sophie Swett. Few literary people, even in Boston, are aware that this is the real name of a lady who lives at Arlington Heights, and is in and out of the city with the frequency of any ordinary suburban dweller. With her lives her sister, Susan Hartley Swett, who is also well known as a writer for the leading magazines, and the author of at least one successful book. The sisters were

born in Brewer, Maine, but educated in public and private schools in Boston. Sophie Swett was for a time associate editor of *Wide Awake,* when Mr. Elbridge Brooks was editor-in-chief. The child of to-day, who has not read some one or more of Sophie Swett's round dozen of excellent juvenile stories, is rare indeed.

The work of Denison House, in Boston, a college settlement on Tyler Street, is familiar to all who are interested in the problems of social reform. For four years Denison House has been the home of Florence Converse, a name that is beginning to be known in literature. She was born in New Orleans in 1871, and graduated at Wellesley in 1893. Miss Converse has been on the editorial staff of the *Churchman* since January, 1900, and is the author of two successful novels, "Diana Victrix" and "The Burden of Chris-

topher," both of which have enjoyed considerable of a popularity.

When "Her Boston Experiences" was first published in book form, it created a good deal of a sensation, and the authorship was attributed to various prominent writers. The woman who actually wrote it, however, was a Boston journalist connected with the *National Magazine,* and more or less well known in Boston as Anna Farquhar. Miss Farquhar was born in Indiana, educated in Maryland, studied music in New York and in England, and then came to settle in Boston, where she married a talented journalist, Ralph Bergengren. "Her Boston Experiences" was by no means her first book, for she had already published "A Singer's Heart," the "Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Officer's Wife," and "The Professor's Daughter," all of which have been

well received. It was the frank and trenchant comment on actual Boston life, and the evident knowledge of it, that made "Her Boston Experiences" such a success. A broader knowledge of history, however, and a deeper knowledge of the world are evinced in her latest book, "The Devil's Plough." Mrs. Bergengren is an uncommonly handsome woman of the English type, a brilliant conversationalist, a keen thinker, and a hard worker. In fact, she is so devoted to her literary labours that she goes into society but little, her one ambition being to perfect herself in her art.

If one were to ask what was the underlying secret of Lilian Whiting's success in her chosen profession of letters, the question could best be answered in her own words:

"The journalist is the sower, and the

field is the world. It is not what one gets out of the work, but what one puts in that tells."

Like many another successful writer, Miss Whiting has come to authorship by the way of the newspaper, and she holds her profession as sacred as the conscientious minister holds his.

Although Boston claims her, and although she is an integral part of its literary life, known as she is over the entire country as a distinctive authority on books and art, she was, nevertheless, not Boston born, not even New England reared.

She was born at Niagara Falls, but all her early life was passed in Illinois, where she was educated. She comes naturally to her position as author, for her mother was a writer, and her father an editor, and later a State senator. So it was that all her instincts, all her environment of

early life, all her training, led her into the field of letters.

She began her life work as a school-teacher, and even then she was feeling her way into the profession for which she was destined, — writing stories and poems, and getting them published wherever she could.

Finally, realising that "nothing venture, nothing have," she cut away from the school work, which she only half liked, and went to Cincinnati, where she soon found a place under Murat Halstead on the Cincinnati *Commercial,* making a distinct success in her new profession.

But all the time her eyes were turned Bostonward. There was where she wanted to be, and she bent every energy to the attainment of her desires. She worked away conscientiously and busily on the *Commercial* for a couple years, and

once more took matters into her own hands, challenged fate by resigning her position in Cincinnati, and starting for Boston, with no definite plans, but that of making a home in the city of her choice. She had no friends at court; she knew no one, but she had determination and pluck and ability. All she asked was a chance to prove herself.

She applied for work at the Boston *Traveller,* only to be told very plainly that they "didn't want a woman in the paper." Miss Whiting is delicate, refined, and sensitive to a degree, but she had plenty of the Western push, and she did not agree with the *Traveller* people. She was equally sure that they did want a woman there, only they didn't recognise the want. It was for her to convince them.

So she asked them to give her a trial, adding that they need not accept her work,

nor pay her for it, if they did not like it. The offer was somewhat unusual, and, though they hesitated over it for awhile, they finally concluded to accept it.

The result was only what might be expected when a girl, able and ambitious, was so ready to begin at the bottom round of the ladder. The very fact that she so believed in herself made those with whom she was associated believe in her also. Everything she wrote and offered was at once accepted. In two weeks she was a member of the regular staff, with her name on the pay-roll, which was a most important thing. In two years she was made literary editor and art critic, a position which she held for about eight years, resigning it to take the editorship of the Sunday *Budget*. She remained in the editorial chair until her increasing duties of a purely literary character became so

overwhelming that she was obliged to give up the more exacting position. Thus she had the leisure to do the work which she loved best, although she has always remained upon the staff of the *Budget* as a special writer, her department, "The World Beautiful," being one of the most prominent in the paper.

During all these years she has been the Boston correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune,* the New Orleans *Picayune,* and the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* and it is through her letters that her name is so well known throughout the country as an accomplished writer on literature and art.

Her published works consist of one or more volumes of verse, three series of "The World Beautiful," collections of her *Budget* essays, a "Life of Kate Field," whose intimate friend she was, a "Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning,"

and a memorial of Miss Field, "After Her Death."

Miss Whiting's work is noble in thought and lofty in its ideals, and her books will stand the test of time. She has indeed proved herself, and justified her own faith in her powers to succeed. She lives at the Hotel Brunswick, and from there she makes pilgrimages to Europe or to other parts of her own country, coming back always to Boston as to home. For it is home now. The Western home is broken up by the death of her father and mother, and all her interest is in the city of her adoption.

Still another woman, who reached literature through the journalistic road, is Miss Katharine Eleanor Conway. She is a recognised power in Boston, especially Catholic Boston, by her connection with the *Pilot,* and all her work is in the fullest

sympathy and accord with her religious belief. It was she of whom the late John Boyle O'Reilly, her editor-in-chief on the *Pilot,* said: "She is a poet and a logician; she has the heart of a woman and the brain of a man." It was a rare power which O'Reilly possessed of surrounding himself with able and sympathetic workers. He brought Miss Conway on to the *Pilot,* as he had already brought James Jeffrey Roche, and, since his death, the two together have held the paper up to the standards which their beloved chief established for it, and have carried on the work as he planned it. Two more devoted followers no one could have had, and they took the work which dropped from his still hands as a sacred legacy.

Katharine Conway was born in Rochester, New York, of cultivated Celtic parents, and she was educated at the convent

in that city. Very early in life, while no more than a child, she was filled with literary ambitions, and while yet a young girl she tried her hand at work on the local dailies of her home city, Rochester, and its neighbour, Buffalo.

In 1878 she assumed the duties of assistant editor of the *Catholic Union and Times,* where she remained until 1883, when Mr. O'Reilly, who had been watching her career with great interest, decided that she was needed on the *Pilot,* and he offered her a similar position on that paper to the one which she was holding on the *Union and Times.* Like her friend, Lilian Whiting, she had a strong desire to go to Boston, the city which seemed a sort of literary Mecca, and she accepted the offer. She justified Mr. O'Reilly's belief in her abilities, and she has made a place for herself in the literary world

of Boston. Struggling against delicate health and the multitudinous demands of life, she has established a name as poet, critic, general writer, and novelist. She has published several volumes of poems, marked by a tender spirituality and uplift and a rare conscientiousness of purpose. Her songs sing themselves, whether set to the minor key or the full flood of joyous harmony. Those who know them love them, because they are so evidently from the heart.

In connection with Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement Waters she has edited two valuable books on art. A charming little volume, "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly," was published soon after his sad death, with her name as editor. Some of the helpful essays which have appeared in the *Pilot* have been gathered into book form, and she has written two novels, the

latest of which, "Lalor's Maples," has had a large sale.

Miss Conway lives in Roxbury, near Egleston Square, where she has a pretty house at 1 Atherton Place. Here she does her literary work in a pleasant room with a big bay-window, where the sun shines all day, and which is a refuge indeed, after her working hours in her little office at the *Pilot,* which is as typical of the busy newspaper worker as is her cheerful room in Roxbury of the author.

A woman of earnest and sincere purpose, she carries into all her work the desire to help and uplift humanity. She is the personal friend of Archbishop Williams, and was the second woman to be admitted to the Catholic Union, and probably one of the most prominent Catholic women of the day. She has been on the Board of Prison Commissioners of Massa-

chusetts, and is full of interest in the work of reforming those who have gone astray, especially the unfortunate women and girls for whom life has been a tragedy of the darkest sort. A broad-minded and liberal woman, she belongs, by right, to the world at large through her work for humanity as well as in literature. She is the leader of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle, one of the largest organisations of young women in Boston. She is a member of the Authors' Club and of the New England Woman's Press Association. Like Miss Whiting, although an alien by birth, Boston holds her as one of her own, of whom she is justly proud. Her books are "Songs of the Sunrise Slope," "A Dream of Lilies," "A Lady and Her Letters," "Making Friends and Keeping Them," "Bettering Ourselves," "Questions of Honour in the

Christian Life," "The Way of the World and Other Ways," and "Lalor's Maples."

Other Boston members of the New England Woman's Press Association who have written books are Miss Henrietta Sowle, of the *Evening Transcript,* Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln, Mrs. Lavinia S. Goodwin, Mrs. Anna L. Burns, Miss Frances C. Sparhawk, Mrs. Sarah White Lee, and Mrs. Whiton Stone, the last named having a wide local reputation as a poet. Mrs. Stone has published several volumes of verse, and often furnishes poems of occasion. Sallie Joy White, who was the first president of the Women's Press Association, and the first woman to be connected with a Boston daily paper, has written three books connected with the domestic problem, which have been well received and given her a high reputation as a writer on these subjects.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRANK P. STEARNS, HENRY D. LLOYD, AND THE LEADERS OF THE NEW THOUGHT MOVEMENT

"BOOKS of this kind are coming to be of great importance in the world of letters. There is always something of a great man, whether his life is dedicated to the public in writing, preaching, and lecturing, or in political activity, which remains untold, — a private side, a minor history, the comprehension of which is needed to round out our estimate of him as a man and citizen. To say that Mr. Stearns has done this for the men he has known is but faint praise

for those who are familiar with his excellent works on Italian art."

Thus writes a critic of Mr. Frank Preston Stearns's book, "Sketches from Concord and Appledore," which contain personal recollections of Hawthorne, Louisa Alcott, Emerson, David Wasson, Wendell Phillips, Celia Thaxter, and Whittier.

Mr. Stearns is the second son of one of the most patriotic citizens of Massachusetts, George Luther Stearns, who was an uncompromising antislavery worker, the man who recruited, largely at his own expense, the two black regiments, the Fifty-Fourth and the Fifty-Fifth Massachusetts; who gave of his time and his substance to all sorts of philanthropic enterprises, in whose devotion to the "causes" which he espoused, as Emerson said, "he gave more than he asked others to give." His mother, Mary E. Preston, was a niece of

Lydia Maria Child, and he, in his own life and career, has proven that he is the worthy son of such a parentage. For sometimes it requires more real heroism to live and achieve than it does to die for a cause.

The birthplace of Frank Preston Stearns was Medford, Massachusetts, which had been the family home for generations, and the date of his birth was January fourth, 1845. He was first sent to school in Boston when he was nine years old, at that time not quite having learned to read. In 1857 he was sent to Concord to the school of Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, where he was fitted for college. While he was in the school the attempt was made by the United States marshals, in 1860, to kidnap Mr. Sanborn, and young Stearns was present through the whole affair.

He was prepared for college in 1862,

but under conditions, and, as he was ambitious to enter without, he waited another year for the purpose of reviewing his studies and strengthening the weak points. During this year he assisted his father in recruiting the coloured Fifty-Fourth, and he also saved the life of Mr. Sanborn's brother, who had broken through the ice upon the Concord River.

He was then an athletic young fellow, and, on his return from the recruiting service with his father, he joined the Lowell baseball club, at that time the best in New England. In 1867 he entered Harvard, and among the things which he did was to lay out the first ball-ground on the Delta, and the following year was chosen in the first nine ever organised in the college.

He, with his classmate, E. W. Fox, started the *Harvard Advocate,* which still

flourishes, and is a recognised college institution. There had been a college paper started a little before Stearns and Fox undertook the *Advocate,* but it had been suppressed by the college government for disrespectful mention of the members of the faculty. Among Mr. Stearns's most intimate friends at college were Bellamy Storer, the present minister to Spain, Professor C. L. Jackson, and Speaker James J. Myers.

Just before his graduation his father died, leaving him without money, and, as he found out, without friends. He was compelled to remain in Medford to look after the family, but he could not study a profession for want of money, nor could he go away to teach, as his presence was imperative in the home. So he had to look out for business, and this he did without avail, in spite of all that his father

had done to help others. The recipients of the father's kindness were simply indifferent to the needs of the son until, at last, in the spring of 1870, Senator Sumner, hearing through Frank W. Bird of Mr. Stearns's difficulties, procured a position for him in the Boston Navy Yard at a remunerative salary.

The young man had been sadly handicapped in his search for something to do on account of his health, which had become broken from taking care of a brother during a severe illness in the last vacation of his college course. He was up with him every night until five in the morning for twenty-five nights, watching him with a devotion that was unparalleled in the history of brotherly affection. His father's death came a month after, and the confusion and trouble that followed prevented the system from recovering a healthy tone.

So he could not undertake anything which compelled constant attention and uninterrupted effort, a fact which made it more difficult to procure for him such a position as he could fill.

In spite of ill health, he saved enough out of his salary, so that in the late seventies he was able to go abroad to fit himself for a literary and art critic.

When he was in Rome the first time, he was so discouraged about his health that he did all manner of reckless things. He walked across the Tiber on the parapet of the bridge, forty feet above the river, and went at night into the most dangerous parts of the city, hoping that some one would attack him; but, like all persons who are careless of life, and hold its possession lightly, he was immune from all danger.

In making a tour of Switzerland,

Mr. Stearns overestimated his physical strength, brought on a spinal difficulty, and returned to America again an invalid. His physician, Doctor Clarke, was dead, and he was compelled to resort to other treatment, and was incapacitated for work for nearly ten years.

In 1888 he published a small volume on John Brown, but that summer he met with an accident at Mount Desert, which prevented his doing much work for the next three years. Then, in 1892, he published "The Real and the Ideal in Literature" as, in a manner, a reply to William D. Howells. In 1893 he prepared his volume of "Sketches from Concord to Appledore," the review of which has already been quoted. Portions of that book, as well as "The Real and Ideal," were dictated by Mr. Stearns from five to ten minutes at a time, which was the

longest period which he could work consecutively.

Mr. Stearns's methods of work are much like those of Francis Parkman. He is obliged sometimes to stop in the very middle of a sentence and take up the thread again hours afterward. He thinks out paragraphs, and writes or dictates them when he has the physical strength to do so. His life has been harder than most men's, but he has accomplished fine results in spite of it, and consequently has found satisfaction.

He was married in September, 1898, to Miss Emilia Maciel, with whom he became acquainted years before at Fayal; and at the same time he purchased the Sampson estate on the brow of Arlington Heights, where they now reside.

The house stands five hundred feet above the sea, and, from his front piazza,

Mr. Stearns has a sweep of the coast from Egg Rock to Minot's Ledge; and at night the twinkling lights of Boston and Cambridge glow in a sympathetic companionship. Half surrounding the house is a group of beautiful maples, which the owner cherishes with a personal fondness, and he has given each one a Greek name, Melos, Paros, Delos, etc. He has a den which is his very own, furnished with quaint old rosewood furniture, part of the marriage dower of his wife, which she has devoted to his own uses. The chief ornament of the room is an old Portuguese chest of drawers of solid rosewood, in the Italian style of Sansovino, and on the top of this is a group of Rocky Mountain hawks. There are numberless curios in this room, each one having some personal or traditional association, which gives them a value which is unknown in

the mere miscellaneous groups of the professional collector.

Mr. Stearns's personality is most delightful. Simple and hearty in his manner, cordial to his chance visitor, and genial and sympathetic to his friends, his sunny nature shines out in spite of all he has had to endure, until those who know him the best have come to reverence as well as to have a deep affection for him. His is a unique individuality in the literary world of to-day, and Boston is proud to claim him as her very own dearly beloved child.

Law and letters are once more wedded in the person of Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd, the distinguished political economist, and the man who started out single-handed to fight the trusts, but who has won thinking men and women to his side, until he no longer fights alone, but has a brave army of followers.

A distinct ripple in the world of affairs, both literary and financial, was made when his first article on the subject, entitled "The Story of a Great Monopoly," was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1881, while Mr. Howells was still the editor of that magazine. It was this article which initiated the trust agitation, and the article made such a sensation that several editions of the magazine were called for.

Following this article in rapid succession, Mr. Lloyd contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* the "Political Economy of Fifty-Three Millions of Dollars"; to the *North American Review* "Making Bread Dear," "Lords of Industry," and "The New Conscience." An interviewer once wrote of Mr. Lloyd and his work: "These articles may be the work of an idealist, but read one of them and see how hard

a blow an idealist can strike when his ideal is liberty and is being assailed."

It is not at all surprising that Mr. Lloyd should be engaged in social reform. Indeed, he could hardly help it, since he is, by heredity, born to it. He is in truth a Puritan of the Puritans. His father is descended from Mehitable Goffe, daughter of Walley, the regicide, and wife of Goffe (the other regicide), both of whom had to fly to find refuge in the caves near New Haven, Connecticut, after the accession of Charles II. to power.

The Goffes and Walleys were kindred of Cromwell, Pym, Hampden, and other leaders in the Commonwealth of the seventeenth century. On his father's side Mr. Lloyd is also collaterally connected with the family of George Washington. On his mother's side he belongs to some of the oldest Huguenot families of New

York, his ancestor, David Demarest, who came from France by the way of Holland like so many other Huguenots, having been a member of the privy council of old Peter Stuyvesant.

Mr. Lloyd was born in New York City on the first of May, in 1847, and is the son of Aaron and Maria Christie (Demarest) Lloyd. He is, on his father's side, a descendant in the fifth generation of John and Rebecca (Ball) Lloyd, who emigrated from Wales in the seventeenth century. His ancestry on the maternal side has already been given. Mr. Lloyd's grandfather, John C. Lloyd, was a soldier in the war of 1812, postmaster at Belleville, New Jersey, for about twenty years, a justice of the peace, county coroner, and judge of Essex County (New Jersey) Court. His brother was David Demarest Lloyd, the playwright.

He was educated in the Columbia Grammar School and Columbia College, New York City, receiving his degree in 1867, when he entered the Columbia Law School. While he was in college he won a brilliant legal victory over the president of the college, for which exploit he is still known in the records of Columbia as "the man who threw Prex."

And this is the story, as his classmates tell it, and as it is still recited to the incoming students. One day the class of '67, Mr. Lloyd's class, while passing to recitation, found a door, hitherto open to them, closed and locked. They, however, followed their usual route — with results to the door. The president of the college at that time was F. A. P. Barnard, the distinguished editor of Johnson's Cyclopædia. He at once served notice upon the class of '67 that he should hold the entire

class responsible, financially, for the destruction of the door. The class returned word that it declined to be held responsible. President Barnard then proposed that the matter should be submitted to trial before a court of students, organised for that purpose. This was joyously accepted by the class, and, as its counsel, it chose Nicholas Fish, son of the Secretary of State under Grant, and who has himself, since that time, filled important positions in the diplomatic service of the United States; George A. Dewitt, now a prominent lawyer in New York; Mr. Lloyd, and one or two others.

At the opening of the court Lloyd raised a constitutional point which he urged should take precedence of any trial of the case on the facts. This point was that the college had no right to hold the class responsible, or even to subject it to trial,

because the college had never recognised the class as an agent in its discipline, and had never clothed it with any police powers over its members. This point was urged first by Mr. Lloyd as a "plea in bar of trial," according to court-martial procedure, and, to the discomfiture of President Barnard, his plea was sustained by the court. One might say, from this incident, that Mr. Lloyd was a lawyer by instinct as he is by education, although, while he was admitted to practise in 1869, he has never practised at the bar.

After leaving college Mr. Lloyd was for several years assistant secretary of the American Free Trade League, organised by William Cullen Bryant, David A. Wells, and other prominent reformers, under the presidency of Mr. Bryant, and in 1870-71 he delivered courses of politi-

cal economy in one of the high schools of New York City. He also arranged a series of public addresses on the tariff, and, with his usual fairmindedness, which is so marked a characteristic of the man, he took as much pains to have the protectionist side adequately represented as his own.

Mr. Lloyd took an active part in the organisation of the Young Men's Municipal Reform Association of New York in 1870, which contributed powerfully to the historic overthrow of the Tweed régime at the polls in that year. Finding that there was no accessible information for the guidance of reform workers, and seeing at once the absolute need for such, Mr. Lloyd prepared for the campaign of 1871 a manual for the use of voters, compiled from the election laws, and entitled "Every Man His Own Voter." The as-

sociation adopted the manual, which Mr. Lloyd, refusing any payment, put at their disposal as his contribution toward the finances of the campaign; and it was scattered broadcast. The New York *Times* commented editorially upon it to the effect that, if the Young Men's Municipal Reform Association contained many men of the initiative talent of the author of this manual, the result could not be in doubt.

At Horace Greeley's nomination for the Presidency against General Grant, in 1872, Mr. Lloyd left active politics and went to Chicago on the editorial staff of the Chicago *Tribune*. He had worked actively in that campaign for the nomination of Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, on a revenue tariff and civil-service reform platform, and he and his associates of the Free Trade League went

into the Chicago convention with every assurance that they would be successful. But there was a complete overturn of their plans. As a writer expressed it: "The reformers put Charles Francis Adams grain into the mill, and the grist they ground out was Horace Greeley."

So skilful had been the manipulation of the Greeley party that every delegate from that State, with one exception, was for Greeley, that exception being Mr. Lloyd. He was overwhelmed with persuasions to give at least one vote to Mr. Greeley as a compliment, that he might go before the convention and the country at least on the first ballot with the unanimous vote of his State; but Mr. Lloyd refused to abandon his standard-bearer, even for the sake of giving a complimentary vote to Mr. Greeley.

He remained with the Chicago *Tribune*

from 1872 to 1885, and it was while he was thus engaged that he began the work with which his name is now specially connected. His first book, "A Strike of Millionaires Against Miners," was published in 1890, and was the result of a personal investigation of the coal miners' strike in Spring Valley, Illinois. This was followed, in 1894, by his greatest work, "Wealth Against Commonwealth," which the Reverend Edward Everett Hale declared to be as much an epoch-making book as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In 1898 he published "Labour Copartnership," and in 1890 "A Country Without Strikes" and "Newest England," both results of his trip abroad, and as readable as they are instructive. It is said that the plan for allotting the lands in the opening of the great Indian reservation of Oklahoma was suggested to the Depart-

ment of the Interior by the description of the New Zealand system in "Newest England." Such a service alone makes the writing of a book well worth while.

Mr. Lloyd's style is graphic and often picturesque, and is always possessed of a fine literary quality. Robert Louis Stevenson was a great admirer of his, and he said to George Iles in a letter, which, with other letters of Stevenson, Mr. Iles has put in the library of the McGill University: "I was exceedingly interested by the articles of Mr. Lloyd, who is certainly a very capable, clever fellow; he writes the most workmanlike article of any man known to me in America, unless it should be Parkman. Not a touch in Lloyd of the amateur; and but James, Howells, and the aforesaid Parkman, I can't call to mind one American writer who has not a little taint of it."

There is nothing violent or eccentric about Mr. Lloyd's philosophy, his methods, or his language. "He has been accused," says one of his critics, "of being an idealist, which, like all good philosophers, he certainly is. But he is an idealist armed with a very practical search-light, which he unexpectedly turns upon dark corners, making the rats that are gnawing through the municipal dikes squeal with pain, the pain of discovery."

Mr. Lloyd is a member of the Twentieth Century and Authors' Clubs of Boston, and the Chicago Literary Club. He was married December twenty-fifth, 1873, to Jessie Bross, daughter of Lieutenant-Governor William and Mary Jane (Jansen) Bross, of Chicago. Mr. Bross was lieutenant-governor of Illinois in 1865-1869, and was one of the founders of the Chicago *Tribune*. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd have

four sons, William Bross, Henry Demarest, Demarest, and John Bross Lloyd.

Among the leaders of the new thought movement are Horatio Dresser, Henry Wood, and Ralph Waldo Trine, all residents of Boston. They are idealists of the Emersonian type — thoughtful, earnest, deeply religious men. The new thought societies follow Emerson in refusing to define themselves. The leaders are not willing to form churches or to start a sect. They withhold themselves from every form of creed, and from any attempt to define their belief. The Boston Metaphysical Society represents the new thought movement much more truly than the independent societies I have mentioned. It holds frequent meetings for hearing lectures, for discussion and the dissemination of new thought views, as well as for social culture. The leaders

advocate the attendance upon the already established churches, and the conversion of them to new thought ideas and methods. They wish to leaven all churches with their spirit and not to form a new denomination to contend with the old ones.

Among the most popular writers in this movement is Ralph Waldo Trine, a graduate of Johns Hopkins, the author of "What All the World's a-Seeking" and "In Tune with the Infinite," both of which have sold high up into the tens of thousands. "The Greatest Thing Ever Known" has sold nearly as well, and, in fact, everything that comes from Mr. Trine's pen finds an eager audience among progressive people. Mr. and Mrs. Trine have lived in Boston for several years, and have a wide circle of friends, which is by no means confined to the new thought movement.

Another writer along these lines, who has contributed a number of helpful books, is Henry Wood, a native of Vermont, who has resided in Cambridge for many years. Mr. Wood is a contributor to many scientific and reform periodicals, and has written two novels of serious purpose, in addition to "The Symphony of Life," "Natural Law in the Business World," and other books.

Among the younger writers is Mr. Horatio W. Dresser, author of "The Power of Silence," which has had as wide a reading as any of Mr. Trine's books. Eight or nine other books on the new phases of religion and metaphysics are set down to Mr. Dresser's credit, although he is still a young man. Like the others mentioned, Mr. Dresser is a lecturer on the new thought and practical philosophy, and is meeting with a warm welcome

from all who are interested in bringing the great truths of the soul life into every-day thought and living. For the days when theology was everything, and the personal problem of right living and serene, helpful thinking only secondary, are past; the new thought is permeating the intelligent masses, and Boston is furnishing some of the best writers who can meet that particular demand.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNALIST AUTHORS, EDWARD H. CLEMENT, HENRY AUSTIN CLAPP, BLISS PERRY, EDWIN D. MEAD, CURTIS GUILD, CHARLES E. L. WINGATE, SYLVESTER BAXTER, AND EDMUND NOBLE

IN these days, when the newspaper takes on more and more of the magazine in its general tone, and the magazine in turn reflects the quality of the newspaper, it is by no means strange to find the writer for the latter coming in by the way of the daily paper, while the erstwhile magazinist seeks recognition and pecuniary reward through the columns of the journals. To-day there is no marked di-

vision line drawn between the newspaper worker and the literary man, for the two characters are so often combined that any attempt to divorce them would be in vain. And so it is with the clubs; at the Press Club some one looks about and says:

"Why are all these people here? They are not of the press; they are book writers or magazine workers. We are of the true press, the daily or the weekly journal."

"But," says another, "most of them are writing for the newspapers, particularly for the Sunday editions, and for the syndicates."

This is the new order of things, and one of the bright lights of literary Boston of to-day, one who has acted as "guide, counsellor, and friend" to many an aspiring young writer in his capacity as editor, and has written most delightfully in his other capacity as author, is Mr. Edward

H. Clement, the editor-in-chief of Boston's most typical newspaper, the *Evening Transcript.*

Mr. Clement was born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, on the nineteenth of April, 1843, of a line of which the American ancestry runs to the immigrant of 1643, who came from Coventry, England, to Haverhill, Massachusetts. He is as true a patriot, as good a citizen, and as loyal an American as one should be who has as a birthday the anniversary of the day of Lexington and Concord, the day when

> "On the rude bridge
> . . . . the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

He was educated in the schools of his native city, and was prepared there for Tufts College, from which he was graduated in 1864, the first scholar of his

class. He went immediately upon graduation to assist in the publication of an army post paper in the South, which was established, with the abandoned plant of the Savannah *News,* at Hilton Head, South Carolina, by two correspondents of the New York *Herald.* While this was a most interesting experience, it could not be permanent, so, in 1867, Mr. Clement was back in Boston upon the staff of the *Advertiser.* From there, by the invitation of Mr. John Russell Young, he went to New York, upon the staff of the *Tribune,* where he remained for several years, working his way steadily upward, from exchange editor to night editor, through the grades of city editor and telegraphic editor. This New York experience, on the most influential of its great newspapers, proved a splendid training, and equipped the young editor for filling any

responsible position. He was for awhile in New Jersey, having ventured into an independent enterprise, but in 1875, on the invitation of Mr. William A. Hovey, who was at that time its managing editor, he came to Boston, and became the musical, dramatic, and art editor of the *Transcript*. Mr. Hovey retired from the editorial management in 1881, and Mr. Clement succeeded him. Ever since then he has been at the head of this representative Boston paper, which has been always distinctive in its refinement of general conduct, and has reflected the culture, philanthropy, and public spirit of the community.

"It is not possible to detract from the merits of the founders, the managers, or the successive editors of the *Transcript*, — Walter and his sister, Mrs. Richards, Sargent, Haskell, and Hovey," said one,

in writing about the work of the youngest editor, "but its growth in value during the last seventeen years, through a combination of fortunate circumstances, has been by leaps and bounds. The fine Saturday night edition, which has become a New England standby, and brings the scattered Bostonians in various parts of the world into touch with home, has grown up largely under Mr. Clement's inspiration. The digestion of the enormous voluntary contribution to the favourite paper is a large task. Yet those who know the editor think they recognise his hand in many a little touch beyond the common, or a bit of piercing causticity which cuts so clean that it inflicts a painless wound."

Mr. Clement's poetical contributions to the leading magazines are of a high order, for, although it be necessary to harness

Pegasus to the hack work of a daily paper, yet, once out of traces, he is as graceful and as strong in the use of his wings as ever. His high spirit cannot be tamed. Critics are inclined to accord to his ode, "Vinland," his most permanent title to literary fame. It was written for and delivered at the special session of the American Geographical Society at Watertown, Massachusetts, on November twenty-first, 1889, to commemorate the discovery of the ancient city of Norumbega.

It is rarely that an occasional poem rises to the height of this most remarkable one. A criticism written of it at the time says that "it is a classic, boldly modern, yet getting at the ideal in the heart of things almost as thrillingly as Parsons, alone among our poets, has been able to do. There is no external affectation of

fancy in it. It is virile with imagination which must have been the outgrowth of life and experience."

Personally Mr. Clement is a most attractive man. He has the kindliest blue eyes and the most sympathetic face, smiling out from a frame of silver hair, and his manners are fine and simple. He is the embodiment of physical and mental strength and virility, and he gives the impression of largeness, and one feels that the pettiness of character, which one often finds among both men and women, is utterly unknown to him.

He is a loyal friend, and, when occasion requires, a kindly antagonist, always with the courage of his convictions, uninfluenced by prejudice, just as becomes a man in the position which he holds, and one of whom Boston is proud, both as the newspaper man and the author.

Mr. Clement has a delightful home in Brookline, just off the Boulevard, where, with his charming wife, he exercises a gracious hospitality.

Mr. Edwin Munroe Bacon, another well-known newspaper editor of Boston, has written a number of historical books. Mr. Bacon began his literary career as reporter of the Boston *Advertiser,* and was later managing editor, having served various apprenticeships on that standard journal. His brilliant editorials as editor of *Time and the Hour* made that paper famous, and his handbooks of historical Boston are considered the best in existence. These include "Historic Pilgrimages in New England," "Literary Pilgrimages in New England," "King's Hand-Book of Boston," "Boston Illustrated," "Bacon's Dictionary of Boston," and "Walks and Rides in the Country about Boston."

Verily Mr. Bacon may well be considered an authority on Boston, ancient and modern.

Then there is Louis C. Elson, musician, critic, journalist, lecturer, and the writer of "Famous Composers and Their Work" and several other entertaining books on musical topics and musical history. He, too, has been for many years connected with the Boston *Advertiser* as musical critic, and those who are familiar with that paper know well his criticisms, witty, entertaining, keenly appreciative, yet intolerant of slovenly work and sham pretence. Mr. Henry C. Lahee has also written books of merit on musicians, and his volumes on "Famous Singers of Yesterday and To-Day" and "Famous Violinists of Yesterday and To-Day" are standard works.

Another Boston writer along these lines

is Lewis Clinton Strang, dramatic editor of the Boston *Journal*. Mr. Strang has been associated with light opera and plays as well as with newspaper work; but he has done more enduring work, too, in his books on "Famous Actors of the Day," "Famous Actresses of the Day," and "Prima Donnas and Soubrettes of Light Opera and Musical Comedy in America." He was born in Westfield, and finished his education at the Boston University. With youth, health, and opportunity at his command, Mr. Strang is destined to become even better known in his chosen field than he is now; and we may look to him to uphold worthily the laurels of his profession.

Still another prominent man who has come into literature by the way of the newspaper is Mr. Henry Austin Clapp, the recognised dramatic authority of Bos-

ton, whose summing up of a play or a player is regarded as final by the most cultured part of the city residents.

Mr. Clapp is a descendant from the Puritans, his ancestor, the famous Roger Clap, for whom his only son is named, coming to Dorchester, now a portion of Boston, but for many years, until quite recently, in fact, an independent township, more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

If one may judge from the memoirs of this same Captain Roger Clap — the name was then spelled with but the one "p" — there were no sterner precisians among the immigrants than were the Clap family. What would this worthy have said had it been vouchsafed to him to know that one of his descendants would have been famous as an habitué of the theatre, whose avocation it was to discuss

plays? It is, perhaps, fortunate that he was spared the knowledge, and that the world has grown more liberal since the days when he sought the wooded peninsula below Boston town.

Mr. Henry Clapp was born in Dorchester on the seventeenth of July, 1841, and was graduated from Harvard in 1860, and went from there to the Harvard Law School. In addition to his work as critic and as lecturer and commentator of Shakespeare, Mr. Clapp has for twenty-two years filled the office of court clerk in the Supreme Judicial Court. Most men would have been satisfied with this position, for, except that it has long vacations, it is as arduous as it is dignified and responsible. It implies a thorough training at the bar, which Mr. Clapp received, after his graduation from the Harvard Law School, in the office of Hutchins

& Wheeler. It also implies a self-possession and clearness of mind, which nature bestowed upon him, and it involves the acquisition of a judicial faculty from his constant habitude of the court-room. And it is this very judicial quality which has been of such service to him in his work as critic, and this training which has helped him to analyse, to sum up, to balance mental forces, all of which are necessary in correct, unbiased criticism.

Mr. Clapp has always hidden the man behind the critic. He contends that only so can criticism be just. Unlike many another, he refrains from personally knowing the people concerning whom he is to write, fearing lest he might be influenced by their personality, and so fail to do justice to their work. Consequently, his work has none of the flavour of the advance agent, but is criticism pure and

simple, fine, intelligent, and, in the main, just.

There is no better proof of this than the fact that, among the members of the profession, there is no one whose criticisms are so eagerly watched for as Mr. Clapp's, and what he says "settles it" in professional vernacular.

Besides being recognised as the leading critic, Mr. Clapp is regarded as the finest commentator of Shakespeare of modern time. His talks are eagerly listened to, and his monographs on characters and plays are widely read. They are thoughtful, logical, and scholarly, and are so full of a tender appreciation that they are among the most delightful literature which is presented to the Boston of to-day. Mr. Clapp's home is on Marlboro Street, in the beautiful Back Bay district of Boston.

If Mr. Edwin D. Mead were permitted the choice of characterisation by which he would prefer to be known, it, undoubtedly, would be that of "the good citizen," rather than that of author or litterateur. And yet he is both, and philosopher as well.

Some one has said that there was not a better nor more genuine Boston patriot than Edwin Mead; and yet he is a Bostonian only by adoption. He is of the Granite State, born in Chesterfield, in the somewhat famous Cheshire County, September twenty-ninth, 1849. He was a farmer's son, a genuine country boy, who loved the woods, the fields, the hills, the farm life, and its associations, and who yet broke loose from them, because in the wide world outside there was work waiting for him to do.

He was educated at the local schools,

and then, while quite young, he went actively to work in the store of his brother-in-law, studying in the evening, writing at his leisure for his own amusement, and conducting, quite by himself, a magazine in manuscript. He was editor, publisher, and contributor all in one, and was the entire subscription list.

He was not without his inspirations, for, in the lovely Vermont town across the Connecticut from Chesterfield, lived his relatives, the family of Larkin G. Mead, known to all the country about as "'Squire Mead." It was "'Squire Mead" who was instrumental in establishing in Brattleboro the first high school in Vermont, and was always interested in educational matters. He was the typical good citizen of his time, a genuine American through every fibre of his being. His nephew from over the river often vis-

ited in the family, and he had as companions during his visits his cousins, one of whom is now Mrs. William D. Howells, another the sculptor, Larkin G. Mead, Jr., and still another, William, now of the New York firm of McKim, Mead, & White, architects.

Through the kindly influence of Mr. Howells, he obtained a position in the famous "Old Corner Bookstore," which in those days, the palmy days of Ticknor and Fields, was a sort of authors' club. The "Immortals," as the *Atlantic* group were called, came and went in the most informal and mortal fashion, and they chatted with each other, and "jollied" the boys in the store in the most charmingly familiar fashion. It must have been a delight to have been a "boy" there, with the junior of the firm himself one of the illuminati, giving the tone to the estab-

lishment, and the nine years which Mr. Mead spent there, making friends with those whose friendship was an inspiration, were most happy ones.

From there the young man went abroad, with the intention of studying to become an Episcopal clergyman, but he fell into the hands of the men interested in the "broad church" movement, became interested in that movement himself, as he wrote home to some of the American magazines the accounts of some of its heroes, and he left that religious body in 1876, and took another course in life.

He remained abroad for five years, studying in London at the British Museum, in Cambridge and Oxford, and he became a liberal in politics and religion. When he came home he was a man ripe in general scholarship and in knowledge of the administration of charities and

municipal affairs. He had not studied books alone, but forms of government and people, philanthropies and reforms.

Mr. Mead was intensely interested in Mrs. Hemenway's work for the preservation of the Old South, and he assisted her in every way, giving generously of his time and his energy. He is the editor of the leaflets which are reprints of the documents and historical extracts appropriate to the subjects of the Old South patriotic lectures, and these lectures he has arranged, although they have been given under the auspices of a committee.

In 1889, in connection with the Reverend Edward Everett Hale, Mr. Mead took hold of the *New England Magazine,* and in the next year he became its sole editor, resigning his position when he went abroad during the summer of 1901. In the "Drawer" of this magazine he

found periodical expression for his wise and stimulating words concerning the duties of the hour. Fearless in expression, he has often spoken words which have proven forerunners of some new advance movement, and many of these have been reprinted in leaflet form, and, to quote from one of his friends: "Mr. Mead's visitor will come away with his pockets as heavily laden with pamphlets as though he had paid a visit to a tract society."

Mr. Mead is the founder and the controlling genius of the Twentieth Century Club, an organisation which does a social, an ethical, an educative work — a sort of public and distributive "Round Table" — which exists only for its own select membership, and yet which is coming to have a decided and marked influence upon the public mind. Does one say "Twentieth Century Club," all ears are open, for

something worth while is to be quoted. Through its various departments this club has much to do, and there are few burning questions neglected, from matters of life and death to the social fabric, to the culture of the taste of the community in art and music and literature.

The Municipal League, the School League, and the Good Citizenship Society are other sources of expression for Mr. Mead's active mind and acute public conscience. Such an one as he should never be spared from its service by the public. And yet he is of great use to the community in his position; the voluntary and independent associations in which he is so prominent are, as it were, good rings constructed to oppose and neutralise bad ones.

With all this work of a busy life, it would seem as though there was little lei-

sure left for purely literary work, and yet Mr. Mead has been, even at this comparatively early age, a prolific author. His first publication was a volume of sermons by the Reverend Stopford Brooke, which he edited, and in the same year he published "The Philosophy of Carlyle." This was followed by "Martin Luther and the Reformation." "Outline Studies of Holland," "Annotated Constitution of the United States," "Representative Government," and "The Roman Catholic Church and the Public Schools" are among his works.

Mr. Mead married Miss Lucia True Ames, who is as deeply interested in all philanthropic, civic, and reform work as is her husband, and she is also a writer of ability.

Another prominent journalist who has written books that have been favourably

received is Charles E. L. Wingate, managing editor of the Boston *Journal*. Mr. Wingate was born at Exeter, N. H., in 1861, so that he is still a young man. He is a Harvard graduate, and has been connected with Boston papers since taking his degree in 1883, also acting much of the time as Boston correspondent of the *Critic* and for some of the New York dailies. Besides a history of the Wingate family, he has written a "Playgoers' History," "Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage," "Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage," "Famous American Actors of To-Day," and a novel, "Can Such Things Be?" He resides at Winchester, where he has a charming home, graced by a cultivated, congenial wife and an interesting family. The Boston *Journal* has furnished another writer of successful books in Mr. E. F. Harkins, author of "Little Pilgrimages

Among Men Who Have Written Famous Books" and "Little Pilgrimages Among Women Who Have Written Famous Books."

The story of literary Boston would not be complete without mention of the veteran writer, traveller, and editor, Mr. Curtis Guild, who is a Bostonian of Bostonians. He has travelled widely and much, and has written most entertainingly concerning those travels, and yet he is to his heart's core the devoted son of his native city. Does any one doubt this? Then watch when some landmark of the old town is threatened, and see how speedily he comes to the rescue.

He has spoken again and again to his own Bostonian Society, to his Club of Odd Volumes, to the Commercial Club, and to gatherings of school children concerning his travels, but oftener and with more elo-

quence about the local familiar things, their history, their lessons, their responsibility. It is hardly possible to estimate the values of that mental anchorage which the conservative mind imparts in this day of drifting and uprooting. The care for what is old and venerable is a wholesome one. Nobody understands the present or knows how to prepare for the future without a respectable knowledge of the past, and the kind of civic patriotism, which almost unconsciously grows up in the mind of a man whose studies have led him, as it were, to grow up with the town of his birth from its childhood of hundreds of years ago, is a more genuine way of growing up with a place than only to fix one's immediate interests there.

Mr. Guild's house is in Mt. Vernon Street, the street of all other Boston streets, peculiar, dignified, characteristic,

fitted in every way to be the home of such a man. Totally unfitted by its steep slope for any proper city use, quite indifferent to ordinary conveniences of access for traffic or business, its broad slope shaded by old trees, and bordered in part by gardens, Mt. Vernon lies peaceful and content above the world's highways. With a bit of the common and the bay visible from its upper windows, and under the shadow of the gilded dome, in a great, square, old-fashioned house, comfortable and roomy, solid, plain, and sober in its fittings, Mr. Guild is rounding out his busy, useful life, surrounded by books of all kinds, with one of the finest libraries in the city, and with material enough at his hand to write such a history of his native city as has rarely been written of any city under the sun.

But he does not live altogether in the

past; he is the good, the progressive citizen, well disposed to every reform measure, yet who brings to bear the sentiment of permanence as the essence of real progress, and would build the structure of the present and the future upon the foundation of the past, and not "on the shining, shifting sands of accident."

It is something over seventy-five years ago since Mr. Guild was born. Although his father was a Harvard man, circumstances prevented the son from following his footsteps to Cambridge, and his education was at the public schools, the grammar and English High, from thence to the counting-room, the *Journal* office, the *Traveller,* and in 1857 the *Commercial Bulletin,* the paper which has been identified with him, rather than he with it, in all the years since. He has been a councilman and an alderman of his native

city, doing it public service of the purest and most devoted kind. His books have chiefly been chronicles of his travels abroad, but most delightfully told, with all the freedom of the friend who knows that he has a sympathetic listener, and yet carrying with them a most delightful literary flavour. It is indeed a fortunate community which possesses such a citizen as Boston has in Mr. Curtis Guild.

The Boston *Herald* has several strong editorial writers who have written books, among them being the Reverend Francis Tiffany, whose cheerful messages of practical philosophy reach thousands of readers every week. His books are "Life of Dorothea Lynde Dix," "Bird Bolts," and "This Goodly Frame," a book of travel. Mr. Tiffany was for many years a Unitarian preacher at West Newton, but exchanged the pulpit for the wider audience

gained through journalism and literature a number of years ago, making his residence in old Cambridge.

Sylvester Baxter is more widely known as a contributor to leading magazines and author of books on topics of municipal interest than as a member of the *Herald* staff, which he was for many years. At present he is devoting all his time to general literature, living and working in a delightful home in Malden, Massachusetts, just north of Boston. It was he who first suggested the organization of Greater Boston, aiding the project by pen and personal influence. He was secretary of the Metropolitan Park System of Boston when it was first started, and is a park commissioner for Malden. Truly Boston has much for which to thank Mr. Baxter. Another *Herald* attaché who is known to literature is Edmund Noble, who had an

interesting career on European journals before coming to this country. Mr. Noble was born in Glasgow in 1853. He began his newspaper career on *St. Helen's Newspaper,* and was later connected with London journals, and was in Russia several years as correspondent. While there he met a beautiful young Russian woman, whom he has since married, and in collaboration with her he has written a book on Russia. Previously, however, he had written books and magazine articles on that country, besides a number of volumes on topics of general interest.

The story of literary Boston would not be complete without another mention of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the man who stands at the pilot-wheel which keeps it along its peculiar course on the sea of belles-lettres. From the days when James T. Fields and Oliver Wendell Holmes

launched it, the *Atlantic* has had famous men in its editorial chair. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, William Dean Howells, Horace Scudder, Walter Hines Page, Bliss Perry, — where can be found a group of men better fitted for that position? During its forty odd years the *Atlantic* has occupied a place unique in American literature: and the present incumbent of the editorial chair is amply capable of maintaining the high standard set for it so many years ago by its founders. Bliss Perry was born in Williamstown, Massachusetts, in 1860, graduating from Williams College when he was twenty-one years old. After a few years' study in Berlin and Strasburg universities, he returned to his alma mater to become professor of English, a post he occupied seven years. He went next to Princeton, New Jersey, where he discharged the duties incident to

the occupancy of the chair of English for six years. During this time he edited volumes of Scott, Burke, and other standard authors, and also did much original work. Five books, four of them novels and short stories, are credited to him, all bearing the hall-mark of the highest literary culture; and those who knew the young Princeton professor and his work were not surprised when he was offered the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He came to Boston in 1899, and resides in Cambridge. He is on the executive board of the Authors' Club and a valued member of that organisation. Readers of the *Atlantic* need not be told how well he is carrying out the idea of the founders of that famous monthly, nor be assured that it is in safe hands.

CHAPTER XIX.

LITERARY BOSTON OF THE FUTURE

AFTER all, what is literature? Is it a collection of words euphoniously arranged to indicate a certain number of harmonious ideas which shall convey more or less of delight to its readers, or, perhaps, enforce an obvious truth in a way which becomes impressive? Or is it made up of another set of words, so arranged as to present striking pictures to the retina of the mind with such force as to create a demand only to be gratified by advertising of a more or less sensational nature with consequent commercial value? In these days the thoughtful

reader may well stop to ask himself these questions; and in the answer lies some inkling of the future of American literature.

Says John Burroughs: "A man does not live out half his days without a certain simplicity of life. Excesses, irregularities, violences, kill him. It is the same with books; they, too, are under the same law; they hold the gift of life on the same terms. Only an honest book can live; only absolute sincerity can stand the test of time." And yet he says again, speaking of the time when every writer must lay down his pen and join the silent throng of the past: "How is it going to fare with Lowell, Longfellow and Whittier and Emerson and all the rest of them? How has it fared with so many names in the past that were in their own days on all men's tongues? Of the names just men-

tioned, Whittier and Emerson drew more from the spirit of the times in which they lived, shared more in a particular movement of thought and morals, than the other two, and to that extent are they in danger of dropping out and losing their vogue. The fashions of this world pass away, fashions in thought, style, in humour, in morals, as well as in anything else."

And so, although Boston may not have to-day its Emerson, its Holmes, its Lowell, there are numerous workers in literature who have already established a world-wide fame, and, better yet for its literary future, an ever-widening group of earnest young toilers, who have a long stretch of years before them in which to work out their young ambitions. Already the names of some of these are familiar in the higher ranks of literature, and to them we look for a continuance of Boston's literary

fame. To them we look for the earnest purpose which shall find highest pleasure in artistic creation, and to look on a fresh idea as a "watcher of the skies when a new planet swings into his ken." If the creative impulse is theirs, combined with the sincerity of purpose and the perseverance of soul, they have already grasped the greatest good of the literary worker. To them we commend the words of Mrs. Browning's poem:

> "Sit still upon your thrones,
> O ye poetic ones:
> And if, sooth, the world decry you,
> Let it pass unnoticed by you,
> Ye to yourselves suffice,
> Without its flatteries."

THE END.

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